THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JANUARY, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A Refuge from Newspapers

It seems odd that so little has been said about the tendency of American magazines to assume newspaper functions. With *McClure's* doing purely newspaper work for several years past and the new *American Magazine* starting out effectively in the same field; with *Collier's* thumping vigorously every week and *Ridgway's* and *Everybody's,* it has come to pass in New York at least that a man feels he may safely skip the morning and evening editorial pages and wait for some weekly or monthly disquisition. This is partly due, of course, to the prevailing contempt for the present breed of editorial writers, who have most lamentably dwindled, having neither personal convictions nor any verbal charms to hide the horrid cracks in their understandings. The late Mr. Dana had wit and no conscience; the late Mr. Godkin had both; but since their day there has been no New York daily leader-writer fit either to head a movement or make a joke. But apart from this natural repulsion is the very reasonable preference for weekly or monthly rather than daily counsels. Even if a man writes no better for taking thought, it at least puts off the evil day of reading him. But who can doubt in the present condition of newspaper writing that any writer would be the better for putting off till to-morrow the things that he thinks he can do to-day? We are strongly in favour of weekly or monthly intervals in the labour of moulding other people's opinions. We cannot speak for the country at large, but we assure our readers that in New York City there is no expression of editorial opinion that could not to the public advantage be deferred for a week or a month or possibly forever. In this respect, if in no other, the new sort of magazine journalism has been a blessing. Unless a man is very virtuous or very clever, rapid writing will make of him either a liar or a bore. At present the daily editorial page seems a Satanic device for goading estimable gentlemen into a lavishness of expression far beyond the resources of their intellects. There is a fiction among newspaper men that Heaven is merciful to an empty head, sending it something just in the nick of time to turn in as "copy." Many of them will tell you that they always do their best under "pressure." They admit the law that *ex nihilo nihil fit,* but hope by a miracle to be exempted. There are no more superstitious people under the sun.

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Hence those sonorous rebukes or eulogies of the President's conduct by writers who have not yet had time to ascertain how the President has behaved, and those moral lessons from the things that did not happen, and those large conclusions drawn from little guesses, and that whole sad business of assuming a needless certainty to-day in the hope that by good luck it will not seem too ridiculous to-morrow. Hence, too, the good-natured indifference of readers generally, who nowadays neither scoff nor scold,

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but appreciating the embarrassment of the situation, merely avert their eyes. And any one who has approached an editorial office in the awful hours of incubation will find it still easier to be charitable. What a groping in manly bosoms for emotions appropriate to the calendar; what wrestlings with unwilling thought in the endeavour to impart what has not yet been acquired or to pose one's self like a statue on the tight rope of some momentary conviction! Obviously it has long been an uncongenial form of activity, cruel to the performers and unnecessary—possible only in better days, when occasionally men of talent were engaged in it. It is, therefore, most fortunate that the magazines have been making good use of their advantage and saying the rational or effective things on "timely topics" for some years past, whether Standard Oil and insurance scandals or smaller vermin, like Hearst and *Town Topics,* and that they have already drafted such men as Peter Dunne, William Allen White, Norman Hapgood, Lincoln Steffens, Samuel Hopkins Adams, and will gradually draft still others till a New York newspaper "policy" shall follow the totem-pole and its editorial "views" shall be as extinct as other barbarous rites of human sacrifice.

The Story of the "Times" Book Club.

With the exception of a few brief news paragraphs, and an occasional isolated editorial, a matter of very considerable importance in the history of modern book production, and one which has stirred the English reading public as perhaps nothing has ever stirred it before, has been comparatively ignored by the American press. We refer to the open war which, during the greater part of 1906, has been waged between the London *Times* "Book Club" and its supporters on the one hand, and the English publishing houses, the booksellers, and the greater part of the press on the other. In the course of the controversy some very bitter charges have been brought, and many Englishmen profess to believe that the *Times,* as a political factor, will soon be a thing of the past. That, of course, is a matter of opinion, but that the dignity of "the Thunderer" has been seriously impaired, and that the charge of lending its name to an "American syndicate" has injured it in British eyes more than anything since the publication of the spurious Parnell letters, seems to be beyond question. As our position is merely that of an interested spectator, we shall not venture any opinions about the rights and wrongs of the matter, beyond quoting from the English press. We shall treat it as pure narrative, and to begin properly shall go back to the connection of the *Times* with the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

Ten or twelve years ago two enterprising Americans, a Mr. Hooper and a Mr. Jackson, having carried out successfully some book schemes in this country, decided upon an invasion of England. They planned to reintroduce the ninth edition of the *Britannica,* which had, by various means of exploitation, been sold extensively in America, to the British public. It is said that a great part of this work was completely out of date, but they felt that this would not matter if they could secure the name and coöperation of the *Times.* Now, Mr. Kipling once wrote a story about three journalists, an American, an Englishman and a Dutchman, who, after a great submarine upheaval somewhere in the South Atlantic, witnessed from the deck of a tramp steamship the death of the sea serpent and the grief of its mate. The American's heart was set upon seeing his story of the affair in one of the "fat columns" of the *Times,* and on his arrival in London immediately started in the direction of Printing House Square. At the door of "the Thunderer," however, he turned back. His courage failed him. As he explained afterwards, he felt sure there would be a bishop in the office. Messrs. Hooper and Jackson were by no means so sensitive. They went right in and if, perchance, they found the bishop, he proved to be a bishop with a keen commercial sense. The *Times,* in coöperation with the so-called "American syndicate," undertook the sale of the *Encyclopædia,* and there began a campaign of exploitation without precedent in the annals of the English book world. The

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amount of printed matter spread broadcast was immense. The author of "Musings Without Method" in *Blackwood's Magazine* a few months ago wrote:

> No artifice was neglected which should persuade the unsuspecting citizen to purchase a work which was begun a quarter of a century before it fell into the hands of the *Times*, and which therefore could not be expected to embody the most recent research. There were eloquent advertisements; there were private letters; in the last gasp there was the telegraph boy's thunderous knock upon the door. Breathlessly we were told that the last chance of enlightenment was slipping from us. And so pliable is the will of man that thousands, who should have known better, fell into the snare of the advertiser.

Perhaps because of its high price, perhaps because of the steady improvement of its more sedate rivals and the enterprise of the half-penny newspapers, the circulation and advertising of the *Times* have been dwindling of recent years. The success of the *Britannica* scheme led the proprietors of the paper to entrust to the American syndicate the task of reviving its popularity. Accordingly, Messrs. Hooper and Jackson launched a scheme to obtain subscriptions to the *Times* for two or three years at a reduced price, payable, as was *Britannica*, in instalments. Then followed the withdrawal of the offer and the formation of the *Times* Book Club, which gave to subscribers to the *Times* exclusively the use of a new circulation library, better than Mudie's or Smith's. It promised:

i. That every subscriber should have every book which he or she asked for, *at once*, as the *Times* was to purchase a larger stock than any other library.
ii. That copies were to be offered for sale second-hand at an earlier date after publication; at a lower price; and in a cleaner condition than by any other library or bookseller.
iii. A catalogue superior to all others, for the use of readers, was to be established.

At the beginning the publishers were not unwilling to aid the scheme. They offered to supply their books at the most favourable rates; they sold to the *Times* large editions of books at "exceptional" prices; and they refunded to the paper 15 per cent. of what it spent in exchange for advertising.

The *Times*, on its side, was apparently quite frank in speaking of its intentions. "We wish to double the circulation of the *Times*," the manager of the Book Club is reported to have said, "and if the circulating library service costs us £100,000 we are quite prepared to spend that sum in order to double our circulation." But this spirit of harmony did not last long. The natural working of a library carried on as proposed was to accumulate an immense stock of new books, but little used, and the club began to offer at second-hand important books—notably Winston Churchill's *Life* of his father—at a fraction of the published price. In the claim of the *Times* that it had a right to sell the books which it bought at whatever price it chose, the publishers saw a vital blow at their interests. Thus the quarrel began. The *Times* began the fight as the champion of cheap literature. It raised against the rival publishers and booksellers the cry of "Monopoly." It published figures to prove the publisher's rapacity, arguing that as a book listed at 36*s.* costs for paper, type-setting, making the plates, printing, and binding, not more than 4*s.* to produce, the all around profit should amount to eight hundred per cent.

This seems to have been on the part of the *Times* a serious blunder. The fallacy of this estimate was so obvious that newspapers and periodicals which might otherwise have stood aloof hastened to take a hand in the fray. The "eight hundred per cent. profit" displayed in heavy type made an imposing side head. But to quote from Mr. Labouchère's *Truth:*

> The *Times* does not pay much compliment to the intelligence of the reading public that it hopes to enlist in its club by seeking to delude them with such rubbish. It must surely occur to some of them that the author of a book ex-

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pects to make something out of it as well as the publisher. Nor can they be so ignorant of business matters as to suppose that a publisher's working expenses are limited to the cost of the raw material of the volumes he publishes, and the mechanical processes by which the raw material is manufactured into books. To the ordinary expenses of maintaining an office and conducting a business, which every wholesale producer has to bear, must be added in this case an exceptionally large outlay on advertising; and it is strange that the *Times* should affect to overlook this element in the cost of putting a new book on the market, considering what a handsome revenue, by the evidence of its own columns, it must draw from the publishers, and considering that one of the conditions which its Book Club has imposed upon the publishing trade is the return of a handsome percentage on every book the club purchases in the shape of payment for advertisements in the *Times*. It is this view of the matter that makes the *Times* attack on the publishing trade such palpable humbug. The Book Club people first extort from the publisher a big slice of his profit for their own benefit, and when he refuses to conduct his business in the way that suits them, they turn round and abuse him unmercifully as a grasping monopolist who is making eight hundred per cent. out of his customers, and hold themselves up to public admiration as disinterested philanthropists who have resolved to put an end to his evil deeds in the interests of cheap literature!

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Again, the *Times*, in choosing to make exorbitance the issue, invited attack at several vulnerable points. Its cry of "Cheap books" seemed oddly insincere. The *Times*, it was immediately pointed out, costs six times as much as most of the English daily papers. When it undertook to publish a *History of the Boer War*, it did not scruple to charge a guinea net a volume for the masterpiece. It sold the ninth edition of the *Britannica* at a price considerably higher than that at which it might be had second-hand round the corner. *Blackwood's* argument was that it was not for cheap books that the *Times* was fighting, but for the privilege of selling books cheaper than others—a very different thing. Other papers turned the argument with which the *Times* had been belabouring the publishers against itself. Suppose, said one, that

Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons, who deal extensively in the *Times* and also run a circulating library (and a very good one), were to suddenly announce that every subscriber to their library might read the *Times* at their bookstalls free of charge, and that after certain hours in the morning more or less soiled copies of the paper would be on sale at 1*d.* or a ½*d.*, according to the amount of wear that the subscribers had taken out of them. This would be an immense boon to the reading public. The *Times*, in spite of all the eccentricities that have recently discredited its management, retains many of the features which originally placed it at the head of English journalism. Most people like to have a look at it if they can get the chance, and all that stands in their way is the prohibitive price at which it is published. Such a scheme as I have sketched above would place it at once within the reach of the humblest newspaper reader, who is now limited to the *Daily Mail* or the *Star;* and it might also prove very profitable to Messrs. Smith and Son. But it would work havoc with the *Times* subscription list, and, incidentally, therefore, with the *Times* Book Club; and the proprietors of the *Times* would have every right to say that they would not supply any firm without a guarantee that the paper would be sold at the published price —at any rate within a certain period of publication. If Messrs. Smith and Son were to reply by publishing broadcast calculations showing the disparity between the price of the *Times* and the cost of the paper and printing (based on their estimate of its circulation), denunciations of the greed and stupidity of the proprietors of the *Times*, and invocations to the public to assist them in breaking down a grasping monopoly by subscribing to their library, I think the proprietors of the *Times* would have some ground for resenting their proceedings. The whole business is, indeed, a lamentable exhibition of the ignominious position into which the *Times* has been dragged by its association with the outside enterprises that have been run in its name. When the Book Club project was first in the air I spoke strongly in these columns of the policy on which the proprietors of the *Times* had embarked. There is no impertinence in this, for the *Times* has in the past gained the position of a public institution, in the welfare and good name of

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IN THE BOOK-LISTS.

Fame Literature. "WELL, THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FIGHTING ON MY ACCOUNT; BUT I MUST SAY I HAVE MY DOUBTS ABOUT THE CLOCK-FACED GENTLEMAN."

From *Punch*

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which we are all interested—and none more than journalists. It was not a good day for English journalism when a paper holding such a distinguished position committed itself to the risky policy of supplementing the profits of its own business by entering into an alliance with an enterprising American for the sale of goods in the name of the *Times* by unstinted use of the arts of the "smart" Yankee advertiser.

Probably the feature of the affair that was most exasperating of all to the average Briton was the idea that a newspaper which had so long been regarded as a national institution was in a measure under the control of "those Yankees." Allusions to "Cheap-Jack American hucksters" and "Yankee flapdoodle" have been so obviously appreciated that the *Times* has tried to obscure the American nature of the whole business. Then the idea of the "Book Club" has caused a flood of British humour, more or less ponderous. Suggestions are offered for "Egg Clubs," "Bonnet Clubs," "Trousers Clubs." In the *Hustler's Almanac,* a humorous anticipatory diary for next year, a new club is started every month by the *Times,* followed by an outcry of the vested interests threatened. The chief *dramatis personæ* are the Judicious Hooper, Mr. Moberly Bell (manager), and Mr. A. F. Walter (proprietor of the *Times*). Then follow closely Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and the *Daily Mail,* supporters of the *Times* in the quarrel. Take the "Meat War," which occurs in January—curtailed:

January 1.—Opening of the *Times's* "meat club" and restaurant for subscribers and their friends under the joint management of the Judicious Hooper and Mr. Moberly Bell.

January 2.—Furious protest of the butchers' association, meeting at the Tower under the presidency of the senior beef-eater against the offer of the *Times* to give away hash on the second day of a joint. Mr. Titter of Leadenhall Market describes it as the worst undercut in his experience.

January 3.—Meat war continued. Judicious Hooper sails for America on the *Satanic,* leaving management of "meat club" in hands of his subordinates, Mr. Moberly Bell and Mr. Arthur Walter, "in whom he has every confidence." K. 874 writes to *Times* saying he had never really enjoyed steak before.

January 4.—Meat war discovered by *Daily Mail,* which asks, "Which will win?" Article from Mr. Hall Caine offering as test case to supply everybody visiting his new play at Drury Lane with a veal cutlet from Calf of Man. Violent sympathy of *Daily Mail* with this humane and self-sacrificing offer.

January 5.—Meat war continued. Interviews in all the papers with Mr. Moberly Bell, whose upper lip grows stiffer as day advances. He says that *Times* intends to give away hash until the last trump. W. 1704 writes to *Times* to say, "It is a lovely meat club." A Rutlandshire rector also says that being in London the day before, he had availed himself of the privilege of membership, and enjoyed the first meat meal he had partaken of for fourteen years. Moreover, he added he was taking home quite a quantity of hash in his hold-all.

January 6 (Sunday).—Meat war continued. Pulpit references by Mr. Fred Harrison to the *Times's* "meat club." He says he is positive that were Auguste Comte alive he would become an original member. Speaking for himself he was a confirmed hash, not hashish, eater. (Mild positive sensation.)

January 7.—Meat war continued. Mr. A. E. W. Mason, M.P. (public benefactor, who made four feathers grow where only two grew before), writes to *Daily Mail* to say that Mr. Hall Caine's offer is no real test, because a great many people dislike veal, and Mr. Hall Caine himself does not stand to lose anything by it.

January 8.—Meat war continued. Mr. H. C., stung by Masonic insinuations, offers a pound of his own flesh to any one who will prove to his own or his son's satisfaction that his play at Drury Lane is inferior to the *Merchant of Venice.*

January 9.—Meat war continued. More interviews with Mr. Moberly Bell, who states that the demand for the *Times* joints has exceeded his most sanguinary expectations. Mr. Eustace Miles writes to the *Daily Mail* drawing attention to a vegetarian restaurant run by himself near Trafalgar Square.

January 10.—Announcement of engagement of peer's daughter to a super at the Rotherhithe Paragon. Meat war passes into complete obligion.

Here is a part of London *Truth's* offer in regard to the Trouser Club:

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We will take breeches, which have been associated before now with books. My tailor charges me two guineas for a pair of these indispensable garments. I have long thought it too much, and probably many of my readers think the same in their own case. There is evidence, moreover, that the articles can be produced much more cheaply. Having the highest example in journalism before me, suppose that I decide to start a *Truth* Trouser Club. I offer to all annual subscribers to *Truth* on the usual terms the following privileges, in addition to the delivery of the paper weekly: (1) The use of a pair of two-guinea trousers free; (2) the right to change their trousers as often as they like at this office, or to have a fresh pair delivered at their doors once a week; (3) the option of purchasing club trousers at reduced prices in Class A, B, C, or D, according to the state of repair that the garments are in after the other members have had a turn at them. In Class A the trousers will be undistinguishable from new; in Class D they will be a bit baggy at the knees, but still thoroughly serviceable. Having booked, let us say, a thousand subscribers, I go to Savile Row and that district and order for the club of various firms of high standing a thousand pairs of trousers of all hues and sizes, just to begin with. As I am such a good customer, I shall of course expect a biggish discount, and I shall not fail to stipulate for a batch of trouser advertisements in *Truth*. The tailors at first think it rather good business. As for the members of the club, they enjoy themselves unspeakably. They astonish their friends at their other clubs by coming out in a different pair of trousers every day, and they fill their cupboards and shelves to bursting with garments of the best West End style at Houndsditch prices. The *Truth* Trousers Club catches on. It is recognised that I have conferred, entirely free of charge, a priceless boon upon the trouser-wearing public. To meet the rush of subscribers, and to provide the necessary facilities for changing trousers, I have to take palatial premises in a leading thoroughfare. I inaugurate them with a mammoth sale of brand-new trousers at low prices, buying up for the purpose the stock of half the slop-shops in the Kingdom. As the result of all this, advertised regardless of expense, the circulation of *Truth* goes up by leaps and bounds. The club and its public-spirited founder are in the seventh heaven. But the devil is among the tailors. The demand for new trousers from private customers is found to be vanishing, and the best customers and men who used to have a new pair once or twice a month have disappeared entirely. The club custom is no compensation for these losses. At the end of the year one firm, from whom the club has taken two hundred pairs, finds that it has lost fifty customers who used to be good for five hundred, and so on all down Savile Row and the adjacent thoroughfares. It is easy to see that the club movement will not stop at trousers. Coats and waistcoats are bound to follow. Besides, other papers will join in the movement. The *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Telegraph* will soon be going into the second-hand clothes trade, and, by virtue of their colossal circulation, will take millions of customers from the tailors' shops. The tailors and the slop-shops see ruin before them. They do not mind legitimate competition in their own trade, but they object to be undersold by a Trouser Club which is run at a loss in order that a high-priced newspaper may be sold at a profit. Evidently they must take to selling newspapers at a loss in order to sell trousers at a profit, or else they must stop the journalist from giving away trousers. Choosing the second and easier course, the tailors decide not to supply the *Truth* Trousers Club unless it undertakes not to sell off its stock below cost price until it is visibly the worse for wear.

Then I go on the war-path. I show by adding up the cost of cloth, cotton, and buttons, that a pair of two-guinea trousers can be produced for 5*s*. 3*d*. I advertise on all the boardings that an unscrupulous trade is making eight hundred per cent. profit out of its helpless customers. I denounce the indecent greed of the monopolists who would rather kill the *Truth* Trouser Club, and leave its members to take refuge in kilts or blankets, than abate a jot of its profits. I swear that this thing shall not be. *Truth* has promised the world cheap trousers, and *Truth* will see that the world gets them. In the name of public decency, I appeal to all the trouser-wearing public to aid me by filling up the attached form of annual subscription to *Truth*. I publish letters from X 99, Y 999, and Z 9999, members of the club, testifying to the merits of the *Truth* trousers, and exhorting me as the champion of cheap clothing to stick to my guns and smash up Savile Row. Though hitherto a convinced Protectionist, I put up an anonymous "Free Trader" to write letters to *Truth*, proving by means of his ancient shibboleths that two-

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guinea trousers stand for all that is most pernicious in the propaganda of the Tariff Reform League. And this is only the opening of the campaign. "Whatever steps I may in future be compelled to take in defending the Trouser Club and the public" (I quote *mutatis mutandis* from last Saturday's *Times*) must be left for the present to the imagination.

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While those who have attacked the *Times* have laid special stress on the fact that the paper in its exploitation of the *Britannica* was lending its name and influence to an inadequate and obsolete edition, the *Times* in its retorts seems to have fought rather shy of this issue, preferring to wage the struggle on the line of its right to sell books when it liked and at what prices it liked. While its partisans have been in the minority, it has enlisted on its side many names distinguished in literature and politics. Mr. Hall Caine took a hand in the struggle in behalf of "the Thunderer," but his support, it must be conceded, was of very doubtful value. Not to be outdone, the irrepressible G. B. Shaw wrote the following characteristic letter to the *Times:*

My friend Mr. H. G. Wells has given you his opinion of your Book Club management in a very pointed manner. What the public now wants from Mr. Wells is his opinion of the Publishers' Association. He says you are greedy for gain and unscrupulous in method. To Mr. Wells and myself as Socialists that is the general character of competitive private enterprise—nay, more, its compulsory character. But the point at issue at present is not between capitalism and Socialism—not between the *Times* Book Club and a public department of literature with Mr. Wells as its president with a seat in the Cabinet, and Mr. Moberly Bell as its permanent chief of staff (severely lectured all day by the Minister), but between the *Times* Book Club and the Publishers' Association.

Now the Socialist or Ruskinian criticism of competitive capitalism may be a very good stick to beat the *Times* with; but every whack of it hits the publishers just as hard as it hits the *Times.* It is true that the spread of literature can be effected by the *Times* Book Club only as an incident of profit making. But that is true of Macmillans also. It is true of all science, art, and industry under our competitive system. There is no other way in which the *Times,* or Macmillans, or Mr. Wells, or myself, can undertake the commercial production and distribution of books or anything else. We have, as a nation, rightly or wrongly, adopted money gain as the incentive, and competition as the regulator, of production and distribution; and for Mr. Wells to call the *Times* greedy and unscrupulous is as little to the point as if the *Times* were to call Mr. Wells a monopolist and a thief because he lives partly by copyrights and partly on dividends unearned by his own labour. Such recriminations are not to the point; they are really criticisms of Adam Smith, not of Mr. Wells and Mr. Moberly Bell. It is really not fair to attack the poor defenceless *Times* with Socialistic arguments, because, not being a Socialist paper, it cannot hit back again.

My own concern in the affair is that of an author who sees many of his fellow-authors being duped by an interested trade agitation into supporting a trumped-up moral case against the *Times* in the mistaken interests of the publishers. Englishmen have a natural facility for virtuous indignation; they think it becomes them. They love teaching one another manners and morals. The temptation to lecture the *Times* is great. I like doing it myself when my business interests are not concerned. But I will not have my moral fervour exploited by the publishers in the interests of the booksellers and against the interests of the authors. What does Mr. Wells complain of? That the *Times* bought as small a number of copies of *Kipps* as it dared. In other words, that the *Times* bought exactly as any bookseller would have bought, except that the number reached by the bookseller on this principle is often zero, whereas the number required by the *Times* Book Club can hardly be less than two figures. I dare say the Club buys as few of my own books as it dares; and I deplore this sordid subjection of first-class literature to mere pecuniary considerations on its part; but for the life of me I cannot see how I should gain by preventing it from buying any at all.

As to the boycott of *Kipps,* what it comes to is this. The *Times,* having a certain power of pushing a book by advertising—whether in its daily columns or in its library lists does not matter—refuses to push unless it is paid. No doubt this conduct is as mercenary as that of a baker who refuses to give the unemployed loaves unless they pay him, or that of Mr. Wells in refusing to let us read his mes-

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FOREIGN GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE PURCHASED LARGE BATCHES OF BOOKS LATELY—CAN THEY BE EMISSARIES OF "THE TIMES"?

Said a contemporary the other day: "There is a curious mystery in the endeavours of, seemingly, an Indian gentleman of unknown origin to buy some dozens of high-priced books from publishers who refuse to deal with the *Times*. On Tuesday he paid an unsuccessful visit to Mr. Heinemann to purchase "for hotels in Egypt." Who can it be?" —From the London *Sketch*.

sage as to "The Future of America" unless we pay him half a guinea. But the *Times* at least offered its services at a price. Messrs. Macmillan did not think them worth the price. Possibly they were right; in Mr. Wells's case, for instance, no special advertisement is needed, and any attempt to suppress his books would recoil on the head of the library which attempted to ignore him. But if this is to be called a boycott, then every man who withholds his wares or his services until he gets his price is a boycotter. If Messrs. Macmillan have lost by refusing the *Times* terms, then they made a business mistake in not accepting them. If they did not lose, then they have nothing to complain of. Messrs. Macmillan have often enough refused to publish books unless the author signed agreements far more onerous than the terms the *Times* Book Club have sought to impose on them. Messrs. Macmillan are parties, I presume, to the monstrous draft agreements drawn up by the Publishers' Association for the bondage and spoliation of authors—agreements which have been repeatedly pilloried in the journal of the Society of Authors. But sensible authors do not call that boycotting. They simply refuse to sign the agreements, and go to less exacting publishers. Mr. Wells must know that Messrs. Macmillan are as keen men of business as any in London, and in their ordinary course render no service to literature or to authors without getting the full value of it. I do not blame them; I should not recommend any author to deal with them if they were sentimentalists trading with moral claptraps instead of men of business minding their business and expecting the author to mind his. Let them by all means refuse the *Times* terms, and let the *Times* refuse their terms according to their respective judgments in the trade battle now waging between them. But, in the name of common sense, let us have no more moral attitudes and attempts to persuade the public that the publishers are a body of high-minded patrons of literature, organising the book supply *en grands seigneurs* for the benefit of authors, whilst the *Times*

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represents a gang of vulgar tradesmen employing Yankee methods for the hideous and unheard-of purpose of making money.

One phase of the affair, which would seem to tend to complicate matters, is the peculiar nature of the ownership of the *Times*. Ever since the paper was established, towards the end of the eighteenth century, its fortunes have been controlled by the Walter family. But at the present time, while the head of this family still sways the majority of the stock, there are said to be several hundred other shareholders. The ownership is divided in all sorts of peculiar ways. One of the proprietors has the revenue from the birth notices; another from the death notices; another from the marriage notices; others have the returns from certain lines of advertising apportioned to them. Under these conditions it would seem that the interests of the shareholders in general must in this controversy be subordinate to those of the shareholder or shareholders deriving a direct profit from the publishers' and booksellers' advertising.

Mr. Chesterton's Critics

Reviewers of Mr. Chesterton borrow all their metaphors from things that whizz and bump, and there is not one of them who does not declare himself "breathless." This has been going on now for five years without any abatement of astonishment, and his *Dickens* has been received by the press with the usual figurative tremours. Newspaper reviewers, though they complain that he shakes them a good deal and makes them "sit up," are not nearly so nervous about him as writers for serious publications like the *Dial* and the *North American*, who return from one of his books as from a slide downhill with a grandson. Were not reviewers notoriously given to exaggerating their symptoms, we should condemn Mr. Chesterton as a menace to health. As a matter of fact, the reading of him is commonly achieved with perfect calmness. Every one who is not professionally "literary" knows him for an entertaining dreamer of dreams and writer of nonsense, a successor of Lewis Carroll rather than of Matthew Arnold. Nobody takes him for a guide, but only for good company. No matter what saint or hero or novelist he chooses, he writes only of himself. The life of Dickens is a diary of the things that bobbed into Mr. Chesterton's head when he might have been thinking about Dickens. Publishers toss him a subject as they might toss a puppy an old shoe. How about Charlemagne or Max Beerbohm or the genius of Christianity? And off he goes, tail erect and legs entangled; of course he gets in his own way, contradicting himself and everybody else, and writes before he thinks, and grapples fiercely with common sense and denies axioms. But at least there is a sign of life about the premises, and the premises, it must be remembered, are the monotonous flats of modern English criticism, wherein no man ventures to differ from the dead. Reading Mr. Chesterton is like meeting somebody as foolish as ourselves in a dreary assemblage of pedagogues. So far from taking our breath away, it merely makes us feel at home.

It has been lamented that Mr. Chesterton has already published several volumes at an age "when many a scholar is, with much self-questioning and many doubts, first venturing to contribute of his accumulated treasure toward the enrichment of the world's thought." It is not the least of our literary misfortunes that our magazines abound in just such pompositions as this. There is no end to the lamentations over Mr. Bernard Shaw's unsound "philosophy" and the "fatal facility" of Mr. Chesterton, and if a man is amusing, there is grief because he is not judicious; and if he is fantastic, it is discovered with sorrow that his works will not fit the high school curriculum. There is no help for it, for we are living in the Chautauquan Era of literary criticism, when we ask of a writer only how highly he is educated, and though it is well known that reading inflates more people than it ever nourishes, we value each author in proportion to the number of other authors he has swallowed whole. It is probable that every American critic hopes some day to be

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Commissioner of Education. But, meanwhile, it bears rather hard on unambitious, pleasure-loving folk who read for the mere vile motive of diversion, ignoring for hours at a time the duties of mental growth and moral fortification—a careless crew, no doubt, often indifferent to the useful lesson and the elevation of large bodies of their fellow-citizens and the improvement of their neighbours' minds, but in the main harmless. Leave us Mr. Chesterton, gentlemen of the school board and ladies of the Twentieth Century Thinking Circle, for though only thirty-two and sometimes rather silly, though seldom accurate and never by any chance instructive, he is about the only really living thing to be found in this field of letters. It so happens that the critics with wider knowledge seem half-dead as the result of its acquisition, and the deeper ones are already half-interred. All that we have left is this young man turning somersaults among the tombs.

❧

Jules Verne and E. A. Poe

Amiens, the city in which he lived so long, is to erect a statue to the memory of Jules Verne. In commenting upon this action, *Les Annales,* of Paris, imparts the entertaining information that Jules Verne owes the idea of his most widely read book, *The Tour of the World in Eighty Days,* to his study of Edgar Allan Poe. According to *Les Annales,* Verne, in 1863, contributed a critical paper on Poe to the *Musée des Familles.* In this article the author of *The Mysterious Island* undertook to analyse the entire work of the bizarre American storyteller. He passed in review the famous tales known to all the world, such as "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," "The Gold Bug," "The Purloined Letter," and "The Voyage of Hans Pfall." Before ending his study by a long analysis of the "Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym," Verne wrote the following lines:

I shall end this list by citing the tale entitled "The Week of Three Sundays." It is of a kind less grim but still bizarre.

How can a week of three Sundays exist?

Perfectly, for three individuals, and Poe proves it.

To begin with, the earth has a circumference of twenty-five thousand miles and turns on its axis in twenty-four hours. That is a speed of about a thousand miles an hour.

Let us suppose that the first individual leaves London and goes a thousand miles eastward. He will see the sun an hour before the second one, who remains motionless.

At the end of a thousand other miles he will see it two hours before. At the end of his tour of the world, coming back to his point of departure, he will have gained an entire day over the second individual.

Let the third individual accomplish the same voyage, under the same conditions, but in the opposite direction; after girdling the earth, he will have lost a day.

What, then, will happen to the three personages reunited on a Sunday at the point of departure?

For the first, Sunday was yesterday, the second to-day, the third to-morrow.

❧

Real Soldiers of Fortune

As a book by itself, the collection of "touched-up" biographical sketches by Mr. Richard Harding Davis which has just appeared from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribners' Sons is of no material importance, and will probably be considered by those who have appraised Mr. Davis's work in the past at its really high value as decidedly disappointing. If, on the other hand, it is read as a book which throws a light on the sources of some of its author's best works of fiction, it is undeniably entertaining. The secret of the power of the real story teller, of our own time at least, is less any sheer imagination than his ability to seize upon a genuine career or some incident of actual life and adapt it to his purposes, heightening the effect by the adroit touch and the discreet elimination. In *Real Soldiers of Fortune* Mr. Davis has said nothing of the filibuster Boynton, who was supposed to have been the original of Captain Burke of *Soldiers of Fortune,* and who, according to a startling newspaper story of a few weeks ago, was credited with the torpedoing of the Russian fleet; but in his account of the career of William Walker one can find the entire foundation for the Honduranian chapters of *Captain Macklin.* Not only do Walker's

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invasion and that of General Laguerre run along parallel lines, not only is the ragged, footsore Foreign Legion of the work of fiction modelled after that daredevil group of men with which Walker did so much and which he ruled with so heavy and yet so just a hand, but the unscrupulous American financial interests, with strong influence at the government at Washington, which brought about the fall from power of Macklin and his chief, were exactly the interests which ultimately defeated Walker and re-established in Nicaragua a despotic and unstable government. The Fiske of the story is the Commodore Vanderbilt of fact, and the methods of the Isthmian Company are those employed by the line of steamships controlled by Vanderbilt in the time of Walker.

Another autumn book from Mr. Davis is the collection of his farces which have been presented on the stage during the past two winters. *The Dictator, The Galloper,* and *Miss Civilization* were all comparatively successful as plays, and we read them with some curiosity as to how much of their "go" was due to the acting and stage setting and how much to the cleverness of the lines themselves. *The Galloper* is striking in two respects. In the first place, the satire on the modern war correspondent in the first act is very much above the material of the average farce. Griggs, the Englishman who has served through ten campaigns and witnessed six coronations, and to maintain his dignity as dean of the war correspondents always travels with five horses and thirty-two boxes, is delightful. Then in this act there is a brisk touch where Blanche Bailey, with an eye to press notices, inquires whether Mr. Anstruther writes for a newspaper. "No," replies the American reporter, "he writes for the London *Times.*" The other respect in which, to our mind, *The Galloper* is striking is because it contains the very flattest and the poorest attempt at humour of which Mr. Davis has ever been guilty in print.

Mr. Stewart Edward White, who after two years and a half of life on the Pacific coast is again in New York, brings us a story which is new to us and which has all the elements that will appeal strongly to the most approved Sherlockian. It seems that a certain class was about to be graduated from a medical school. Just before the ceremony of presenting the diplomas the Dean of the Faculty called the class together to listen to a brief informal address. "You are leaving this institution," he was pleased to say, "and you are supposed to be technically equipped—that is, whatever it has been in the power of the college to teach you has been taught. But, gentlemen, the technical side alone is not enough to qualify you for the successful practice of our profession. Medicine demands other attributes—the attribute of courage, the attribute of observation. I believe you to be possessed of these, yet I am going to ask you to submit to a slight test. Here, gentlemen, as you see, is a glass of water. Into it I pour a small amount of vinegar. Now I shall add a considerable dash of asafœtida, topping it with the carbolic acid which I pour from this vial. This is unquestionably a most noxious mixture, yet, gentlemen, as you will perceive, I dip my finger in the mixture and, withdrawing the finger, draw it across my lips. Now I should like to see how many of you are resolute enough to follow my example."

A Sherlock Come to Judgment

Uneasy glances were exchanged, but one by one the students stepped forward and with horrid grimaces underwent the ordeal. The Dean watched them narrowly, and when the last had finished the test he smiled with grim satisfaction. "Gentlemen," he said, "I commend you most heartily. As to your courage I have no longer any doubt. If it were possible to mark you for courage as you are marked for, let us say, anatomy or for chemistry, I should ungrudgingly give you all one hundred per cent. But, gentlemen, while I should mark you one hundred for courage, I am afraid that for observation I should be obliged to give you all zero. You did not perceive, gentlemen, that the finger that I dipped into the glass was not the finger that I drew across my lips."

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James Ford Rhodes.

A really important event in the annals of American historical composition occurred last month when the Macmillan Company published the sixth and seventh volumes of Mr. James Ford Rhodes's *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850,* thereby completing a most valuable treatise and one which must remain an enduring monument of patient, accurate and minute research. Mr. Rhodes had intended to carry his narrative down to 1885, the date of President Cleveland's first inauguration; but he found the task of dealing with the careers of men still living to be so delicate and difficult that he finally concluded his study with the inauguration of President Hayes in 1877, which was, after all, in a way, the end of that period which begins with the active abolitionist agitation, which includes the storm and stress of the Civil War and which witnessed finally the resumption of white control in the Southern States. Mr. Rhodes has had an interesting career. Not originally a man of letters, though having had some experience in journalism, he was for many years a business partner of the late Senator Hanna. Having acquired an ample fortune as a business man in Cleveland, Ohio, he retired to private life and devoted himself to the cultivation of political history, in which he had always felt an absorbing interest. His ample resources enabled him to employ a host of assistants who, under his direction, ransacked the national archives, and the great public libraries, made excerpts from newspaper files all over the country, and collected rare documents, letters, and memoranda relating to the subject of his colossal work. No history upon an American subject has therefore ever been so richly documented; and the footnotes of his book are a mine of information for other writers who are treating in detail special parts of the period covered by Mr. Rhodes's narrative. His wealth of reference to original sources recalls, indeed, the monumental history of Gibbon; and he writes with a fairness and impartiality to which Gibbon was a stranger, inasmuch as Mr. Rhodes never indulges in the "solemn sneer" and the subtle irony which permeate the pages of the *Decline and Fall.* Mr. Rhodes's labours have been recognised both by the universities of the United States and in Germany; and the only criticism that can fairly be made upon what he has done is negative in its character. His book is, first of all, a narrative rather than a philosophical study; and in the second place, he has, perhaps, confined himself too closely to Northern sources, neglecting at times the information which could have been derived from the documents and memoranda which are still preserved in portions of the South.

"Why They Married"

We hardly know what to say about James Montgomery Flagg's little book, entitled *Why They Married.* That the sketches and verses are clever is not to be denied. The point is that a good many of these marital romances deal with the author's own friends and acquaintances.

For instance, most persons will readily recognise the illustrator, who is the hero of the accompanying skit.

AND THERE YOU ARE!

The reason Walter Applepie
Did wed his Nancy fair,
She liked the way his mouth curled up—
He liked her fuzzy hair!

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The Year's Successful Fiction

Surely, if perhaps imperceptibly, changes are going on in the matter of the men and women who write the books that are most successful from the point of great sales. How far-reaching these changes are can be realised only by those who have patience enough to go over the old files. Seven years ago this month, when we printed for the first time the two or three pages of annual summing up which has since been a feature of every January issue of THE BOOKMAN, the names which loomed large were those of Mary Johnston, Paul Leicester Ford, Charles Major, Charles Frederic Goss, Winston Churchill, Robert Grant, Mary Cholmondeley, James Lane Allen, Edward Westcott and Irving Batcheller. All but two of these writers are still alive, but candour obliges us to say that with the exception of Mr. Churchill, who is to be counted on only every other year, and perhaps Miss Cholmondeley, who is again before the public after a long period of comparative inactivity, there is hardly one who is regarded as a really vital factor in the popular fiction of to-day. Many of them are unquestionably doing work as creditable as that which won them formerly wide attention and large royalties, but tastes have changed, and on the score of sheer popularity they have dropped to a class somewhat below —let us say, Mr. McCutcheon and Mrs. Thurston and Mr. Chambers and Mr. Wister and Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Beach and Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Nicholson.

Comparatively speaking, we have no cause for any great dissatisfaction over the novels which have been the conceded successes of 1906. It is easy enough to be generally pessimistic; to deplore the absence of any vital and enduring novel; and to contrast the year with some other twelve months of thirty or sixty years ago to the complete discredit of our modern men and women of letters. But as a matter of fact the novels of 1906, while in no way astonishing, are at least respectable. They compare very favourably with the novels of any one of the eight or ten preceding years, and show an undeniable improvement in the taste of our reading public. Take, for example, the books that have led month by month. There was Mrs. Wharton's *The House of Mirth,* which was first in the lists for December, 1905, and which maintained its lead by a fair margin during the first three months of 1906. *The House of Mirth* was in no sense a great novel, and much of its popularity was probably due to an undignified curiosity about the ethics and deportment of a much exploited New York social set. Yet it was marked with a certain air of distinction which was not to be found in the usual "best seller" of recent years. *The Wheel of Life,* which was at the top of the list for April, was an excellent novel. *The House of a Thousand Candles* was a very fair sample of what it was intended to be. *Lady Baltimore,* which was the leader for June, was a thoroughly dignified book, as was also *Fenwick's Career,* which was its successor in July. *The Jungle* led in August, and *The Jungle* was—*The Jungle. Coniston,* which headed the September and October lists, is far and away the best novel that its author has yet written, and that will indicate a comparison with months of earlier years, when Mr. Churchill's other books occupied the same exalted position. Mr. Robert W. Chambers's *The Fighting Chance* is an exceedingly entertaining story, and is fairly entitled to the leading position it has held in November and December.

The six authors whose books have appeared oftenest in the lists for 1906 are Mrs. Wharton, Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, Owen Wister, Upton Sinclair and Winston Churchill. Close behind these are George Barr McCutcheon, Rex Beach, Robert W. Chambers, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Ellen Glasgow, Margaret Deland, and the Baroness von Hutten. In fact, Mr. McCutcheon has had more representation than any other author of the year, but this has been divided among three different books. While only Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Beach may be classed as new men from the point of success; Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Chambers and Meredith Nicholson are for the first time serious contest-

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ants for popular applause, albeit several of Mr. Chambers's books and Mr. Nicholson's *The Main Chance* have attracted considerable attention. In connection with the portraits which print here, it may be of interest to recall that the most successful authors of 1905, according to our lists, were Alice Hegan Rice, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston, George Barr McCutcheon, Thomas Dixon, Jr., and Robert Hichens. In 1904 they were Mary Johnston, Miriam Michelson, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Ellen Glasgow, Henry Harland, Stewart Edward White, Winston Churchill and John Fox, Jr. In 1903 they were Mrs. Humphry Ward, Owen Wister, Alice Hegan Rice, George H. Lorimer, Frank Norris, Anna Katherine Green and Thomas Nelson Page. In 1902 they were Alice Hegan Rice, Gilbert Parker, Emerson Hough, Charles Major, Conan Doyle, Winston Churchill, George W. Cable and Lucas Malet. In 1901 they were Maurice Thompson, Irving Batcheller, Mrs. Ward, Bertha Runkle, Eleanor Glyn, Harold MacGrath, George Barr McCutcheon and Winston Churchill.

In the closing month of 1905 the lead was held by Mrs. Thurston's *The Gambler,* with Mr. McCutcheon's *Nedra* a very close second, and Mrs. Wharton's *The House of Mirth* over one hundred points below. With the first number of 1906 there was a decided change, *The House of Mirth* being at the top with two hundred and sixty-three points, *The Conquest of Canaan* following with one hundred and eighty-three, and *Nedra, The Gambler, Rose o' the River* and *Fair Margaret* following in the order named. In February the first and second books were the same as in January, being separated by a difference of only twenty points. *Nedra* was fourth, having been passed by *The House of a Thousand Candles.* In March, with *The House of Mirth* still first, Mr. Nicholson's book climbed into second place. *The Conquest of Canaan* was third and *Nedra* fourth. In April Ellen Glasgow's *The Wheel of Life,* which had been a poor sixth in March, took the lead with a total of two hundred and thirty-eight points. Sixty-three points below was *The House of a Thousand Candles,* followed very closely by *The House of Mirth* and *The Conquest of Canaan.* In May the same books occupied the four leading positions, only Mr. Nicholson's strikingly vital story had repassed *The Wheel of Life* and held first place by six points. The new books made themselves felt in the lists for June. Of those which had occupied prominent places in the winter and spring, *The House of a Thousand Candles* alone held on. It was in third place, with *Lady Baltimore* first and *The Spoilers* second. Mr. McCutcheon's *Cowardice Court* was fourth, Irving Batcheller's *Silas Strong* fifth, while *The Jungle* was tied with Mrs. Burnett's *The Dawn of a To-morrow* for sixth position. In the July lists first place was held by Mrs. Ward's *Fenwick's Career,* with two hundred and fifty-nine points. *Lady Baltimore* was second, *The Spoilers* third, and *Pam Decides* fourth. *The Jungle,* despite the fact that its wide notoriety had already begun, could not better its position of a month before. In August, however, it leaped to the top, crowding down *Coniston* by a meagre four points, with *Lady Baltimore, The Spoilers, Fenwick's Career* and *Pam Decides* filling the other positions in the order named. But *The Jungle* did not hold its lead long. In September it was third, while *Coniston* led with the record total of the year, three hundred and sixty-three points. *Lady Baltimore* was second, and a new book, *The Awakening of Helena Richie,* fourth. *Coniston's* total for October was only twenty-nine points below that of September. *Lady Baltimore* had dropped to fifth place, and in the second, third and fourth positions were *The Awakening of Helena Richie, The Jungle* and *Pam Decides.* Coming with a rush, Mr. Chambers's *The Fighting Chance* took the lead in November and held it in December. In November it had a margin of supremacy of eighty points over *Coniston,* but in December it was rather closely pressed by Mr. McCutcheon's *Jane Cable,* which promises to be a dangerous competitor.

JANUARY	POINTS
1. The House of Mirth	263

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2. The Conquest of Canaan..... 183
3. Nedra 149
4. The Gambler..... 148
5. Rose o' the River..... 57
6. Fair Margaret..... 53

FEBRUARY

1. The House of Mirth..... 183
2. The Conquest of Canaan..... 163
3. The House of a Thousand Candles.... 102
4. Nedra 64
5. The Gambler..... 46
6. The Man of the Hour..... 34

MARCH

1. The House of Mirth..... 260
2. The House of a Thousand Candles.. 206
3. The Conquest of Canaan..... 174
4. Nedra 80
5. The Gambler..... 76
6. The Wheel of Life..... 73

APRIL

1. The Wheel of Life..... 238
2. The House of a Thousand Candles.... 175
3. The House of Mirth..... 160
4. The Conquest of Canaan..... 156
5. Barbara Winslow, Rebel..... 100
6. A Maker of History..... 88

MAY

1. The House of a Thousand Candles.. 179
2. The Wheel of Life..... 173
3. The House of Mirth..... 96
4. The Conquest of Canaan..... 94
5. The Truth about Tolna..... 91
6. Barbara Winslow, Rebel..... 76

JUNE

1. Lady Baltimore..... 263
2. The Spoilers..... 131
3. The House of a Thousand Candles.... 117
4. Cowardice Court..... 99
5. Silas Strong..... 72
6. The Jungle..... 61
   The Dawn of a To-morrow..... 61

JULY

1. Fenwick's Career..... 259
2. Lady Baltimore..... 221
3. The Spoilers..... 177
4. Pam Decides..... 146
5. The Woman in the Alcove..... 131
6. The Jungle..... 69

AUGUST

1. The Jungle..... 190
2. Coniston 186
3. Lady Baltimore..... 120
4. The Spoilers..... 97
5. Fenwick's Career..... 96
6. Pam Decides..... 75

SEPTEMBER

1. Coniston 363
2. Lady Baltimore..... 157
3. The Jungle..... 152
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie.... 150
5. The Spoilers..... 141
6. Fenwick's Career..... 97

OCTOBER

1. Coniston 334
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie.... 228
3. The Jungle..... 109
4. Pam Decides..... 91
5. Lady Baltimore..... 87
6. The Fighting Chance..... 81

NOVEMBER

1. The Fighting Chance..... 302
2. Coniston 222
3. The Tides of Barnegat..... 188
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie.... 176
5. Jane Cable..... 142
6. The Treasure of Heaven..... 84

DECEMBER

1. The Fighting Chance..... 234
2. Jane Cable..... 202
3. Coniston 150
4. The Call of the Blood..... 127
5. Sir Nigel..... 94
6. Bob Hampton..... 73

The following is the result of comparisons from the above tables:

Five Times Mentioned

The House of Mirth, The Conquest of Canaan, The House of a Thousand Candles, Lady Baltimore, The Jungle, Coniston.

Four Times Mentioned

The Spoilers.

Three Times Mentioned

Nedra, The Gambler, The Wheel of Life, Fenwick's Career, Pam Decides, The Awakening of Helena Richie, The Fighting Chance.

Twice Mentioned

Barbara Winslow, Rebel; Jane Cable.

Once Mentioned

Rose o' the River, Fair Margaret, The Man of the Hour, A Maker of History, The Truth about Tolna, Cowardice Court, Silas Strong, The Dawn of a To-morrow, The Woman in the Alcove, The Tides of Barnegat, Sir Nigel,

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MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

EDITH WHARTON

ELLEN GLASGOW

The Year's Successful Novelists

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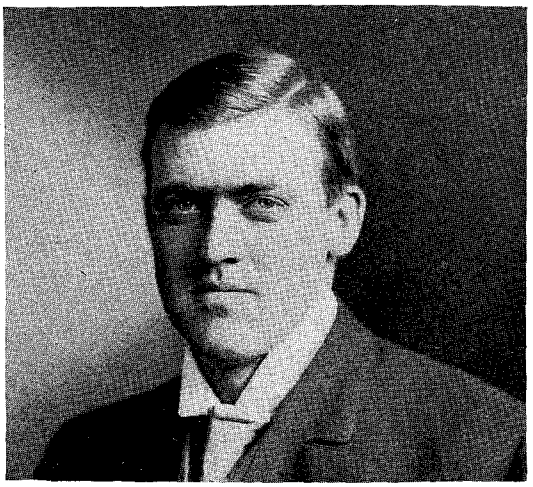

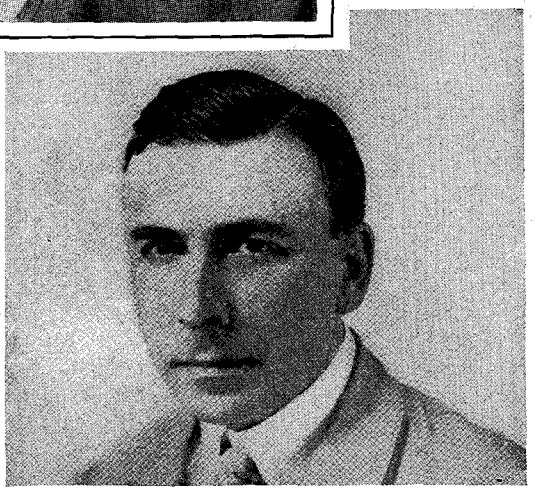

REX BEACH

BOOTH TARKINGTON

WINSTON CHURCHILL

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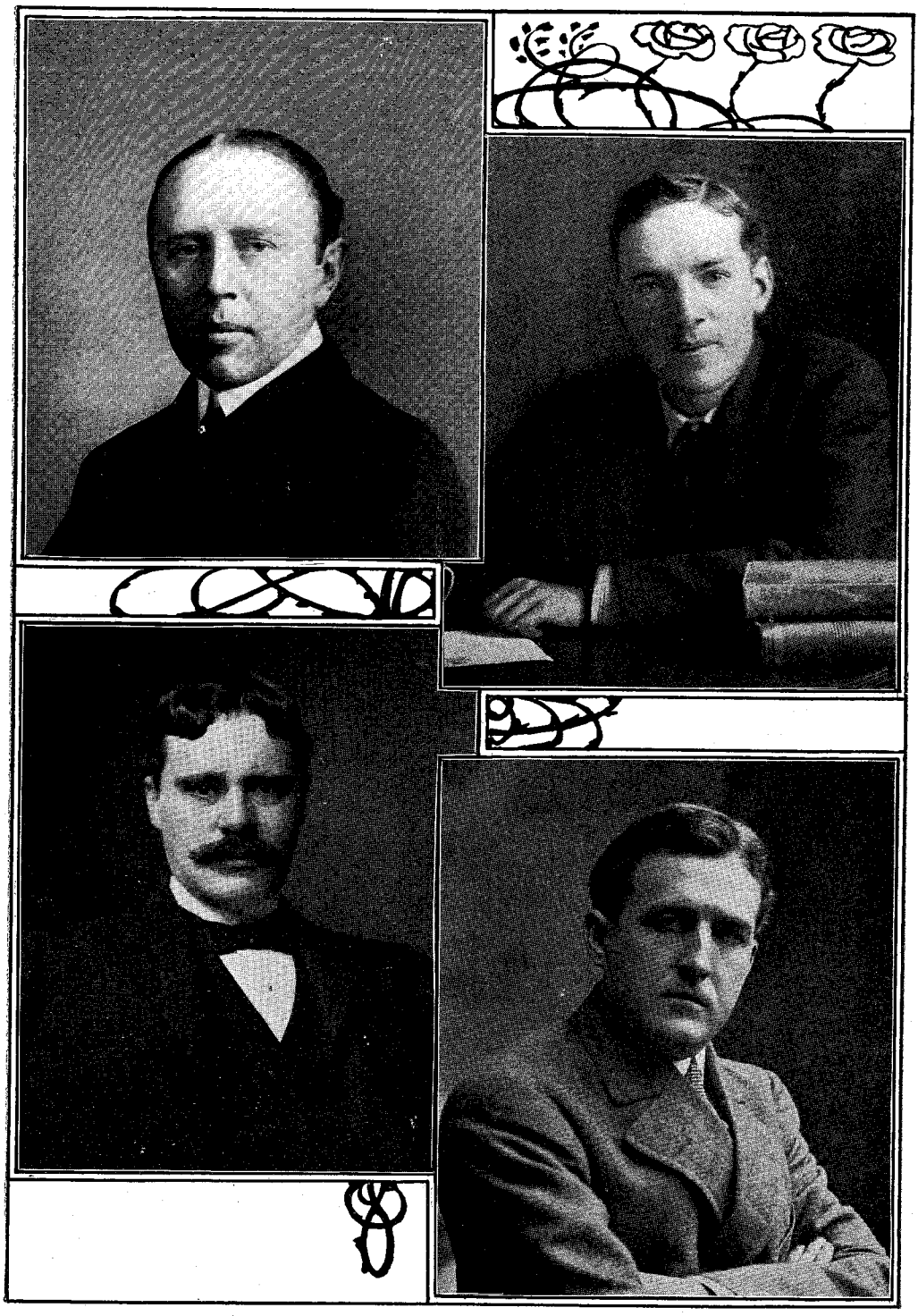

GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON

OWEN WISTER

UPTON SINCLAIR

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

The Year's Successful Novelists

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GILBERT WHITE GEORGE BARR BAKER

The Treasure of Heaven, The Call of the Blood, Bob Hampton.

There is but little change from year to year in the number of books represented in these lists. It has been as low as twenty-six and as high as thirty-four. In 1906 the number was thirty. Twenty-three of these books were by American authors and seven by British authors. In connection with this we must explain that we are claiming Mrs. Burnett as an American woman. Of the very popular novels, all but one were of American origin. The proportion of women represented was much greater than in any other year, thirteen books being of feminine authorship as against seventeen written by men. For the first time in some years there is no book on the list which is the result of collaboration. This is due to the inactivity of Mr. and Mrs. Castle and Mr. and Mrs. Williamson.

Collaborators in Lighter Vein

Among the lighter books of the holiday season there are several which strikingly illustrate the value of happy collaboration. For instance, among the large number of little volumes devoted to the modern prevalent madness, the automobile, we have found nothing more quaint or more delightfully whimsical than *The Auto Guest Book of Mobile Maxims,* which is the joint work of Ethel Watts Mumford and Richard Butler Glaenzer. Another collaboration which has resulted in a book of its kind very much above the average, is that of George Barr Baker, George C. Chappell, and Oliver Herford, with drawings by T. Gilbert White. This volume, *Mother's Geese,* we understand has already gone into a second edition. We are reproducing here one of the illustrations and the accompanying verse:

"Mother, may I go out to play?
Oh yes, my darling daughter;
But remember the things you'd like to do
Are the things you hadn't oughter."

We have received the following letter from the author of *Joseph Vance:*

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

GENTLEMEN: May I trespass on your space to qualify a few personal particulars about myself in your last issue, which has only just reached me. But first allow me to thank you most cordially for your generous appreciation of my book, which has also just come to hand.

I am not yet seventy years of age, but hope to be so some day, and to write several

WILL PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "WHEN LOVE SPEAKS." REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

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From the drawing by Gilbert White

Joseph Vances, as far as bulk goes, before that time comes.

I am in no sense connectible with the per-Raphaelite brotherhood, and can scarcely be said to be an artist at all, as far as picture-painting goes. Probably the work of my wife (Evelyn de Morgan) is responsible for the association of ideas, though why her work should be spoken of as "pre-Raphaelite" I am quite at a loss to understand. The Art-Critic knows about these things, and if he seems to me to fling language about at random, no doubt it is my defective judgment that is in fault, not his accuracy.

I plead guilty to thirty years of Ceramics. But it is not the case that I have given them up. The fabrication of tiles and pottery continues as formerly at Wandsworth Bridge Road, Fulham. It is conducted by myself in conjunction with Messrs. Iles and Passenger, who have been engaged on it with me from the beginning, and it deals with the same processes, and reproduces the same designs as formerly.

"The secret," so far as there is any secret, is still in operation, and I am not responsible for any statements that have been made to the contrary.

As such statements are detrimental to the present manufacture, I shall esteem it a great favour if you will publish this contradiction.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

I, The Vale, King's Road, Chelsea, London.

Professor Migrans.

It has become an established custom to compare our universities with factories, to speak of this or that educational "plant," to designate libraries and laboratories as "tools," to call bachelors of arts and doctors of philosophy an "output," and

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to calculate the cost per man, per examination, per degree. This admirable organisation being in full activity, it is remarkable that no one has yet pointed out that the producing mechanism of professors and tutors is likewise of modern machine design. All parts are interchangeable. You may slip out a professor where you will, slip one from some other cerebro-spinal factory on the old shaft. His cogs will engage, the whirr goes on. There is of course nothing novel in having students receive instruction from professors of several different universities. It has long been the custom in Germany for young men to pass from one institution to another, so as to profit by the best to be obtained in each. In fact, one of the things that seems most remarkable to visiting Germans, is our habit of referring to different prominent individuals as "Harvard men," "Yale men," and the like. In Germany they would be simply university men. There the migration of students has long been in vogue; our novelty is the international changeling professor. Let us consider for a moment whether he is a desirable innovation.

THE BOOKMAN, being a critical journal with literary tendencies, is of course a great admirer of flattery. Now, Professor Migrans is very flattering to faculties, presidents and potentates. This is one strong point in his favour. And there are several others. For instance, it is much more economical to transfer one professor than a whole audience of students. It is also probable that the honour involved in the appointment as a representative of his university and his country will cause Migrans to exert himself to the utmost. It is conceivable that a lecturer who has merely been repeating for several years an almost unchanged series of discourses to successive generations of students may really go to work again, and produce a far more valuable contribution, the product of riper knowledge and newly stimulated ambition. Somewhat less attractive features of the plan also present themselves. It may happen that a man will at times be imported into a locality where there is already a native professor of greater authority on his subject than is Migrans. Jealousy might thus awaken, and we abhor jealousy as much as we love flattery. Extremely careful selection, both of men and subjects, should always be made a paramount consideration; otherwise what is in its essence good may come to be productive of mischief in the end. It is of course still much too soon to form a decided opinon on all these points. Not until the plan has been in operation for several years can its effects be estimated with any sort of approximation to accuracy. If we have ventured to begin our consideration of the subject with something of an appearance of levity, let us close with the hope that time will only serve to strengthen the good and destroy even the possibility of evil in Professor Migrans.

The Late Ferdinand Brunetière

The death of Ferdinand Brunetière two weeks ago was a decided loss to French letters. He was probably the most influential member of the French Academy; he directed the most authoritative periodical in the world, and for years he had been recognised not only in his own country, but throughout Europe and America, as the unswerving champion of the classical tradition. Naturally combative, in his disdain of the men and books of the present he went at times to apparently unjustifiable extremes. Theophile Gautier used to say that if he found one line of Victor Hugo's verse to be bad, he would not acknowledge it to himself, if he were alone, in the dark, at the bottom of a pit. Brunetière would have been just as reluctant to concede merit to anything later than the middle of the eighteenth century. Among his successful contemporaries, Zola, in particular, exasperated him, and it was probably his unyielding opposition more than anything else that kept the author of the *Rougon-Macquart* from being elected to a seat among the Forty.

A good many of our readers will remember M. Brunetière's visit to this country nine years ago. The interest shown in his lectures was very general, and was by no means confined to Uni-

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versity circles. Perhaps this interest was just a little bit stimulated by a newspaper story to the effect that he had found the society French of Baltimore, where he lectured before Johns Hopkins University, exceedingly amusing. The most complete and interesting series was that which he delivered in New York just before sailing back to France. In the last of these lectures he made the long-awaited attack on Zola, mercilessly arraigning the realist as guilty of violating every reality and verisimilitude, and of outraging in his books every phase of French life and character.

The Chosen Thousand.

We are compelled to confess with regret that we have been giving too little attention to experimental psychology. Not so the experimental psychologists with respect to us. These have at last, and avidly, seized upon our suggestions, and followed our attractive lead. It is true that we have been innocent in the matter —quite subconscious, though conscientious. We can understand Molière's famous Frenchman now, the one who was suddenly made to know that he had been speaking prose for years. The new

THE LATE FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

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direction which we have given to psychologic work is one of method—our method of ascertaining each month what are the best-selling books. The truly "scientific" people have adopted this method, and it has resulted in what we believe is destined to be a classic "paper," *Homo Scientificus Americanus.* As a kind of by-product of this research, a large scientific *Who's Who* has also been prepared. In this latter an asterisk is affixed to one thousand names, and these are to be regarded as the best one thousand—the aristocracy of American science.

In applying our method to their problem, the psychologists have followed us very closely. Ten judges were selected in each branch of science, just as we select booksellers in our investigations; and each judge was requested to arrange the names of his colleagues in the order of their merit. We presume the number of judges for each subject was fixed at ten because the decimal system is so scientific. However this may be, the ten judgments were averaged, and every man's place in his own department of science was thus determined. It was then decided how many asterisks should be distributed to each subject. It was settled, for instance, that one hundred and seventy-five asterisks should go to chemistry, while less lucrative anthropology was fobbed off with only twenty. The lists so obtained for the several branches of science are stated to have been then combined into a single list by "interpolation"—we presume a process similar to what ordinary people call "shuffling the cards." Thus has science at last come into possession of what has for so many years been nothing but a hope—a classification of individuals in order of merit, based on a true psychologic method (our own), and possessing a high degree of accuracy. If we did not have a furtive feeling that such a thing is impossible *à priori,* we should recommend Homo Scientificus to use as his *vade mecum* this book about himself.

"The New York Idea"

Mr. Langdon Mitchell has written an uncommonly good farce. The newspaper comments implied that it was, if anything, too witty for the stage, and that the brilliancy of the dialogue was not only beyond anything that the characters could legitimately have achieved, but blinded the audience like strokes of lightning. It was nothing of the sort. It was full of an easy gaiety, abounded in the better kind of nonsense, and though no more related to New York than to Paris or Sioux City, was a most cleverly devised variation on a very hackneyed theme. In its situations it is like *The Surprises of Divorce,* which M. Coquelin played here some years ago, and its lines recall Wilde's *Importance of Being Earnest,* though there is less straining after epigram and more dependence on verbal exaggeration.

"The uncouth modern young woman—eight feet high—with a skin like a rhinoceros and manners like a cave-dweller—an habituée of the race-track and the divorce court. . . ." "Hm—shocking attack by the President on vested interests. Hm—too bad! But it's to be expected. The people insisted on electing a desperado to the Presidential office—they must take the hold-up that follows. Hm—his English is lacking in idiom, his spelling in conservatism, his mind in balance, and his character in repose." . . . "I'm not a patch on that woman. Do you know her life? Do you know the things she did to Philip? Kept him up every night of his life—forty days out of every thirty—and then—without his knowing it, put brandy in his coffee to make him lively at breakfast. . . ."

Such is the prevailing tone of the dialogue, and it would be obviously unfair to quote more of it, for its effectiveness on the stage is largely the result of the clever and sympathetic rendering by the members of Mrs. Fiske's excellent caste, especially Mr. Arliss, Mr. Mason and Mr. Harbury.

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AN ETCHING OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

We reproduce on this page a notable example of an etched portrait of President Roosevelt, by Sidney L. Smith, which has recently been published by Charles E. Goodspeed, of Boston, Massachusetts. For more than a decade the work of Mr. Smith has held a high place in this country, and at the present time stands unique among American etchers on account of its artistic handling and faithful results in por-

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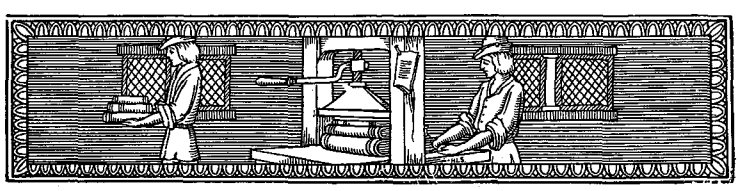
traiture work. The present portrait is the result of careful studies from life, with the approval of the President, and as a likeness as well as a work of art it is, without question, the most satisfactory etched portrait of our strenuous and popular President that has yet been made.

The artistic career of Mr. Smith is most interesting to follow, particularly from the fact that he was self-educated so far as his early training in the profession was concerned. He began his career with engraving and designing, then became interested in etching, but took up painting and stained glass as an assistant of John La Farge in his mural work in the late seventies. After Mr. La Farge's removal from the Seventeenth Street studio in New York City, Mr. Smith again returned to etching and the designing of stained-glass windows, and has continued work as an etcher for several years, during which he has covered every phase of this branch of art. The designing and etching of book-plates has been an important part of Mr. Smith's work, and he has produced a number of these, which represent some of the best examples we now have in that line of work. Mr. Smith also enjoys the distinction of having made the first etched plates in this country of bric-a-brac. These plates illustrate eight specimens of jade from the noted Heber R. Bishop collection, and have been unreservedly endorsed for their truthful and artistic handling by leading art critics and authorities of this country. They were ordered by Mr. Bishop and executed several years before his death, but owing to some idiosyncrasy were never published, nor are they included in the sumptuous catalogue of his collection which has recently been issued. For this reason they are very rare and particularly attractive to *connoisseurs*. Undoubtedly they represent some of the best examples of Mr. Smith's work.

The present portrait has been published in three editions: one signed by the artist, with remarque, on imperial Japan paper, limited to one hundred and twenty-five numbered impressions; another signed by the artist and printed on India paper, limited to two hundred numbered impressions, and another consisting of plain impressions. The dimensions of the plate are 17½ by 24 inches.

Laurence Burnham.



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MADAME ALLA NAZIMOVA

The Russian actress whose interpretations of Ibsen's heroines have been so widely discussed

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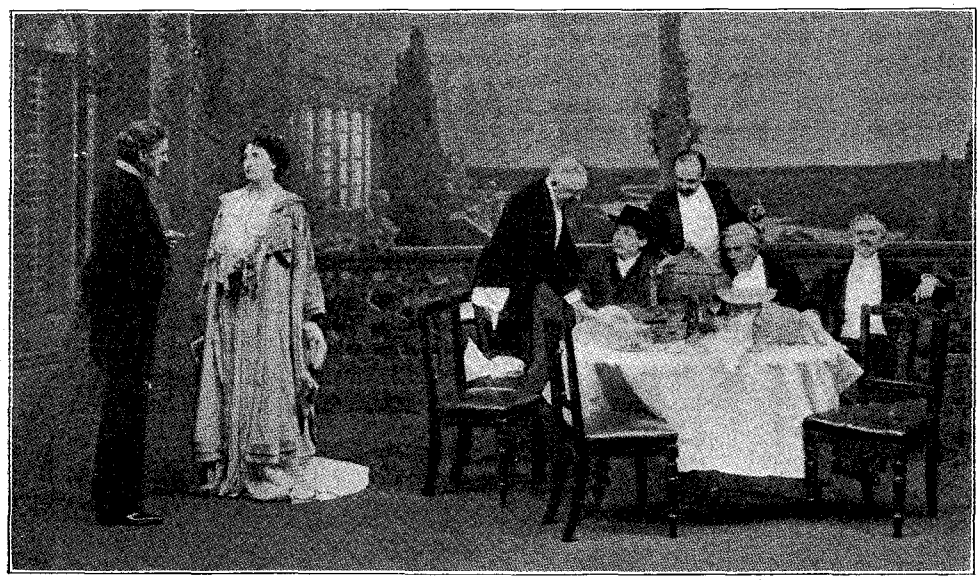
THE DEATHBED SCENE



THE DINNER AT THE STAR AND GARTER

Two scenes from George Bernard Shaw's much discussed "The Doctor's Dilemma"

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THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

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CHARLES KLEIN'S "THE DAUGHTERS OF MEN." ACT III

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THE MUCH DISCUSSED DRESSING-ROOM SCENE IN JAMES FORBES'S "THE CHORUS LADY"

"The Chorus Lady," which has proved one of the most vital of the season's plays, has served to introduce a new American playwright

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MRS. FISKE IN LANGDON MITCHELL'S "THE NEW YORK IDEA"

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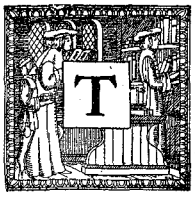
CHRISTMAS DAY

BY G. K. CH*ST*RT*N



HAT it is human to err is admitted even by the most positive of our thinkers. Here we have the great difference between latter-day thought and the thought of the past. If Euclid were alive to-day (and I dare say he is), he would not say "the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another." He would say, "To me (a very frail and fallible being, remember) it does somehow seem that these two angles have a mysterious and awful equality to one another." The dislike of schoolboys for Euclid is unreasonable in many ways; but fundamentally it is entirely reasonable. Fundamentally it is the revolt from a man who was either fallible and therefore (in pretending to infallibility) an impostor, or infallible and therefore not human.

Now, since it is human to err, it is always in reference to those things which arouse in us the most human of all our emotions—I mean the emotion of love—that we conceive the deepest of our errors. Suppose we met Euclid on Battersea Bridge, and he took us aside and confessed to us that whilst he regarded parallelograms and rhomboids with an indifference bordering on contempt, for isosceles triangles he cherished a wild romantic devotion. Suppose he asked us to accompany him to the nearest music-shop, and there purchased a guitar in order that he might worthily sing to us the radiant beauty and the radiant goodness of isosceles triangles. As men, we should, I hope, respect his enthusiasm, and encourage his enthusiasm, and catch his enthusiasm. But as seekers after truth, we should be compelled to regard with a dark suspicion, and to check with the most anxious care, every fact that he told us about isosceles triangles. For adoration involves a glorious obliquity of vision. It involves more than that. We do not say of Love that he is short-sighted. We do not say of Love that he is myopic. We do not say of Love that he is astigmatic. We say, quite simply, Love is blind. We might go further, and say, Love is deaf. That would be a profound and obvious truth. We might go further still, and say, Love is dumb. But that would be a profound and obvious lie. For Love is always an extraordinarily fluent talker. Love is a wind bag, filled with a gusty wind from Heaven.

It is always about the thing that we love most that we talk most. About this thing, therefore, our errors are something more than our deepest errors: they are our most frequent errors. That is why for nearly two thousand years mankind has been more glaringly wrong on the subject of Christmas than on any other subject. If mankind had hated Christmas, he would have understood it from the first. What would have happened then it is impossible to say. For that which is hated, and therefore is persecuted, and therefore grows brave, lives on forever, whilst that which is understood dies in the moment of our understanding of it—dies, as it were, in our awful grasp. Between the horns of this eternal dilemma shivers all the mystery of the jolly visible world, and of that still jollier world which is invisible. And it is because Mr. Blatchford and the writers of his school cannot, with all their splendid sincerity and acumen, perceive that he and they and all of us are impaled on those horns as certainly as the sausages I ate for breakfast this morning had been impaled on the cook's toasting-fork—it is for this reason, I say, that Mr. Blatchford and his friends seem to me to miss the basic principle that lies at the root of all things human and divine. By the way, not all things that are divine are human. But all things that are human are divine. But to return to Christmas.

I select at random two of the more obvious fallacies that obtain. One is that Christmas should be observed as a time of jubilation. This is (I admit) quite a recent idea. It never entered into the

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tousled heads of the shepherds by night, when the light of the angel of the Lord shone about them and they arose and went to do homage to the Child. It never entered into the heads of the three wise men. They did not bring their gifts as a joke, but as an awful oblation. It never entered into the heads of the saints and scholars, the poets and painters of the Middle Ages. Looking back across the years, they saw in that dark and ungarnished manger only a shrinking woman, a brooding man, and a child born to sorrow. The philomaths of the eighteenth century, looking back, saw nothing at all. It is not the least of the glories of the Victorian era that it rediscovered Christmas. It is not the least of the mistakes of the Victorian era that it supposed Christmas to be a feast.

The splendour of the saying "I have piped unto you, and you have not danced; I have wept with you, and you have not mourned" lies in the fact that it might have been uttered with equal truth by any man who had ever piped or wept. There is in the human race some dark spirit of recalcitrance, always pulling us in the direction contrary to that in which we are reasonably expected to go. At a funeral the slightest thing, not in the least ridiculous at any other time, will convulse you with internal laughter. At a wedding, you hover mysteriously on the brink of tears. So it is with the modern Christmas. I find myself in agreement with the cynics in so far that I admit that Christmas as now observed tends to create melancholy. But the reason for this lies solely in our own misconception. Christmas is essentially a *dies iræ*. If the cynics will only make up their minds to treat it as such, even the saddest and most atrabilious of them will acknowledge that he has had a rollicking day.

This brings me to the second fallacy. I refer to the belief that "Christmas comes but once a year." Perhaps it does, according to the calendar—a quaint and interesting compilation, but of little or no practical value to anybody. It is not the calendar, but the spirit of man, that regulates the recurrence of feasts and fasts. Spiritually, Christmas Day recurs exactly seven times a week. When we have frankly acknowledged this, and acted on this, we shall begin to realise the Day's mystical and terrific beauty. For it is only every-day things that reveal themselves to us in all their wonder and their splendour. A man who happens one day to be knocked down by a motor bus merely utters a curse and instructs his solicitor. But a man who has been knocked down by a motor bus every day of the year will have begun to feel that he is taking part in an august and impressive ritual. He will await the diurnal stroke of fate with the same lowly and pious joy as animated the Hindoos awaiting Juggernaut. His bruises will be decorations, worn with the modest pride of the veteran. He will cry aloud, in the words of the late W. E. Henley, "My head is bloody but unbowed." He will add, "My ribs are broken but unbent."

I look for the time when every morning we shall wish one another a Merry Christmas; when roast turkey and plum pudding shall be the staple of our daily dinner, and the holly shall never be taken down from the walls, and every one will always be kissing every one else under the mistletoe. And what is right as regards Christmas is right as regards all other so-called anniversaries. The time will come when we shall dance round the Maypole every morning before breakfast —a meal at which hot-cross buns will be a standing dish—and shall make April Fools of one another every day before noon. The profound significance of All Fools' Day—the glorious lesson that we are all fools—is too apt at present to be lost. Nor is justice done to the sublime symbolism of Shrove Tuesday—the day on which all sins are shriven. Every day pancakes shall be eaten, either before or after the plum-pudding. They shall be eaten slowly and sacramentally. They must be fried over fires tended and kept forever bright by Vestals. They must be tossed to the stars.

I shall return to the subject of Christmas next week.

Max Beerbohm.

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THE COLLAPSE OF SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

RITING very briefly in the pages of this magazine four months ago concerning Mr. Roosevelt's ill-advised attempt to foist a freakish form of spelling upon his countrymen, we said:

"No one will very seriously object, as no serious harm will have been done. . . . The great Half-Baked, who constitute the majority of Professor Matthews's constituency, will chortle merrily and will imagine a vain thing. But nothing will really happen. . . . It is, indeed, quite possible that this attempt of a political personage to employ his official power to force an offensive mode of spelling into use may do more to squelch the whole Simplified Spelling movement than any other single cause."

This was an expression of opinion and was also in the nature of a prophecy. We think that already the opinion has been justified and the prophecy fulfilled. A leading Simplified Speller asked us a month or two ago why we did not seriously give our reasons for objecting to the Matthewsian innovation. Our principal reason was that the burden of proof was upon the Simple Spellers. Why, in other words, should eighty million people alter their accustomed mode of spelling and bother their heads about a list of three hundred words which a self-appointed committee, made up of a few theorists, savings-banks' presidents and publishers recommended to them, especially when the theorists themselves refuse to spell after their own grotesque and foolish fashion?

Scholars generally have not taken the trouble to argue seriously about Simplified Spelling because it was not, and could not be, a serious thing. Four months ago the newspapers were in a ferment, mainly because the President of the United States had sought to force this spelling into use. But after all, what has come of his attempt? The press has had a good deal of fun with it. For a while it provided excellent "copy" for squibs and jokes. Americans as a people were made to appear somewhat ridiculous. Here and there a back-country newspaper began to spell in this fashion to gain a little notoriety; and Mr. John Wanamaker had his advertisements couched in cacographic form, so that people out of curiosity would read them. But presently the whole thing came to be a bore. The elections early in November furnished another topic for discussion, and Simplified Spelling passed rapidly into the position of a faded fad, than which nothing can be more depressing to behold.

The Simple Spellers recognised the failure of their movement by displaying an unnecessary irritation. Mr. Brander Matthews had a public set-to over the subject with Mr. Rossiter Johnson. President Jordan of the Stanford University, who was once himself a Simple Speller, quarrelled with his fellows, accusing them practically of bad faith. The one important publisher who was mixed up in the affair reprinted two novels of his own production, the titles of which we do not at the time remember, and failed to use the sort of spelling that he earnestly prescribed for others.

Lately the movement seems to have been knocked completely on the head. The Chief Justice of the United States has in open court rebuked a lawyer who handed in a brief in the Rooseveltian form of spelling. A committee of the House of Representatives has passed a bill forbidding the Government Printing Office to put forth public documents spelled otherwise than in accordance with the standard dictonaries. Even the President's own personal messages and letters are altered by the newspapers which publish them so as to conform to ordinary usage in the matter of their spelling. The Board of Education of the city of New York has voted down by a large majority the proposal to adopt the Sim-

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plifiers' scheme. Finally, President Roosevelt himself, stubborn and opinionated as he is, has executed a complete backdown, and has rescinded his order to the Public Printer—an order which never should have been given. The whole subject has, therefore, been ignominiously "dropt." There is really nothing left of it but a tainted memory. Let us put it away and give it in parting a good-natured kick.

Just one thing alone we find it difficult to forgive the faddists, and that is the misrepresentation of fact which they have allowed themselves. Many of them have asserted that the American Philological Association has given its approval to the list of three hundred spellings, whereas in fact the Association has done nothing of the sort. There are, indeed, only three members of that Association who take any active and pernicious interest in the thing. These are Professor Francis A. March of Lafayette College, Professor Hempl of the University of Michigan, and Dr. C. P. G. Scott, a well-known amateur of cacographic novelties. Simplified Spelling has always been a hobby of Professor March, just as Simplified Grammar was a hobby of some of the Alexandrian scholars in the pedantic age of Græco-Roman literature. Professor March is an aged scholar who is personally liked by his associates, and hence no one wished to hurt his feelings by burking a project which, after all, was far less radical than any which he would himself have fathered. And so the whole matter was quietly referred to a committee of the Association, in whose portfolio it will slumber peacefully and die still-born. This is the plain truth about a circumstance as to which too many Simple Spellers have gone beyond the bounds of strict veracity. A cause, indeed, is in a bad way when its advocates have to bolster up its pretensions by arrant fiction.

Eight years ago, long before Mr. Roosevelt had turned his thoughts to Simple Spelling, long before Mr. Carnegie had wasted money in subsidising it, and long before the newspapers had thought the matter of sufficient interest to set their jokesmiths hard at work upon it, we wrote in the pages of this magazine the following paragraph, which we here set down once more and which we think contains the gist of all that is necessary to be said.

"The written forms of English words will change in time, as the language itself will change. It will change in its vocabulary, in its idioms, in its pronunciation, and perhaps to some extent in its structural form. For change is the one essential and inevitable phenomenon of a living language, as it is of any living organism. And with these changes, slow and silent and unconscious, will come a change in the orthography. But all these gradual modifications will be the work of new necessities, of new influences, of new conditions; and when they come they will come as a part of the history of English.

"While our native speech still thrives and flourishes, they will mark the progress of its grand development and growth; and when it sinks to its decline, they will trace the history of its decay. They will be like the changes in the later Latin, made quite unconsciously on the lips and pens of those who vainly strove for classical perfection, and whose very errors are to-day so fruitful in the scientific study of Romance philology. But they will never to any extent be due to the whims of frantic faddists, nor will they ever be mechanically injected into universal usage at the whim of a little group of language-tinkers; for against these ludicrous attempts true scholarship and right reason will interpose an adamantine barrier, and will successfully defend the dignity, the purity, and the permanency of our noble mother tongue."

Harry Thurston Peck.

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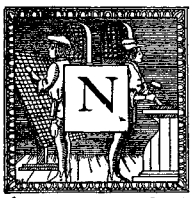
THE INDISCRETIONS OF HOHENLOHE



OT wholly indiscreet was Prince Hohenlohe, however, for he took the precaution of dying before the publication of these precious volumes, and in this he was more wise than some of his predecessors. Else had he assuredly found time to complete in prison the volumes cut short at Ragaz. You recall the eminent Professor of International Law, Geffken, who edited some pages of the Emperor Frederick's diary, which pages were intrusted to him for this very purpose by said Emperor's widow, a daughter of Queen Victoria. There was no doubt about the genuineness of the manuscript, the authority of the editor, or the patriotism of all concerned, but Bismarck sent Professor Geffken to gaol, and there his health suffered so much that he survived his sentence but a few weeks. It was my fortune to know this illustrious jurist before his sentence and to welcome him into my home on its completion; and when I heard of his premature death, it seemed to me as though a coroner's jury could have given but one verdict—"Another Bismarckian victim." Geffken's memoirs have not yet appeared—his family are afraid to publish them—and in Germany are many, like the Geffkens, who dread the displeasure of those in power.

Thank God for Hohenlohe! cries the historical student, or rather let us rejoice that Hohenlohe is of a princely family so prosperous financially and so independent politically that it dares publish a book without first sending a copy to the police in order to have it expurgated for the benefit of sensitive royalty. No book since the accession of William II. has stirred official and royal Germany so curiously as these most gentle revelations of Prince Hohenlohe. France and England are rich in memoir literature. Why is Germany so sterile? The answer is afforded by the manner in which the Hohenlohe book is received in Berlin. You ask, again, the reasons for this, and you have to seek them in a hundred personal or dynastic sensibilities. The administrative and courtly machinery of Germany is still regarded as something of a holy arcanum, unfit for the uninitiated. To be sure, Germany has the outward forms of manhood suffrage, public law sessions and responsible ministers, but these are only the outward show. The Emperor is master of the fighting force of his country, he directs the foreign policy, he holds in his hands the threads of official promotion, and in practice, if not in theory, the German people are invited not to discuss, but ultimately to ratify, the measures which he or his agents have prepared in secret session. Hence the irritation at Court when a high priest of official orthodoxy, an aristocrat by birth and inclination, an ex-Chancellor of the empire no less than an intimate of royalty, ventures to lay bare by innuendo, if not directly, hundreds of little embarrassing items which singly are trifles, but together do much to undermine the legendary props of several thrones.

Bismarck and Hohenlohe affected to be on intimate terms. Bismarck knew the value of binding to his cause a prince of the blood who was not merely a Roman Catholic and Bavarian, but who at the same time was enough of a man of the world to appreciate the material advantages which could not fail to follow the union of South Germany with Prussia. But this memoir lays bare the fact that for Bismarck Hohenlohe had no genuine admiration or affection. The two men were opposite in character, in breeding—indeed, their very superficial similarity induced irritable comparisons. Bismarck became a prince. Hohenlohe was born one. Both were landholders, and both Royalists, and both outwardly cultivated the ideal of German unity. Bismarck, however, was of the narrow Pomeranian farmer aristocracy, poor and proud, not to say offensively domineering.

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Bismarck rattled his sword in the scabbard when addressing a parliamentary audience, and his diplomacy consisted mainly in stating his demands and pointing out that in case these were rejected the Prussian soldier would attend to the rest. Bismarck was a man dear to the heart of William I., detestable to his son, Frederick III., and necessarily unsympathetic to Prince Hohenlohe. For Hohenlohe was a gentleman and a cosmopolitan as well.

The first volume of the Memoirs* brings us down to the war against France, when the prince was in his fifties, and when he was to South Germany what Bismarck was to the Northern section. In those years Bismarck hardened into the Prussian military official. Hohenlohe, on the contrary, broadened out into the courtly cosmopolitan. Bismarck needed his salary. Hohenlohe had ample revenues and the tastes of an English peer.

Just a glance over Hohenlohe's life to the opening of 1870—it is a bewildering memorandum of cosmopolitan experience.

To say nothing of minor journeys, we have him fitting for the University at Erfurt in Thuringia, where Napoleon offered Talma his parterre of kings in 1808. Then he has a winter at Lausanne, perfecting his French and doing some mild flirtation. Then he studies at Heidelberg and afterwards enters the Prussian administrative service, first on the Rhine at Coblenz and then at Potsdam, which he cordially dislikes, no doubt for the reason that in Prussia every alleged gentleman wears a sword and every civilian is assumed to be a cad. Potsdam has changed little since 1844, when Hohenlohe, in his twenties, first settled there with the intention of becoming a Prussian. Note, too, that already the young prince has lived under four different flags. Note, also, that his parentage is Austrian and Roman Catholic, and that of his family his two sisters were brought up as Protestants, he and his only brother as Catholics.

Barely, then, on the threshold of his official career, he had tasted of life from so many sides that it is no wonder that the narrow, swaggering barrack-yard puppets which surrounded the Berlin Court of that day filled him with anything but comfort. Note, too, that in his day Bavaria and Prussia were foreign countries, had been at war one generation before, were to be at war once more in 1866. Austria and Prussia were likewise, as to-day, Germany and France. Therefore, for a young man to step from Austria into Bavaria and then into Prussia meant such indifference to conventional patriotism as to startle the orthodox of that time. But he wearies of Potsdam and Berlin, leaves the Prussian service in ill temper, or rather after an interview, in which the Prussian minister treats the prince with marked coldness, and then, in 1846, he becomes a settled Bavarian and commences to learn to talk his home German!

Then comes the Revolution of 1848, and he accepts an Imperial office at the hands of the so-called Pan-Germanic Federation at Frankfort, and he, a prince of the blood, is sent as the agent of a revolutionary assembly to open diplomatic relations with the Vatican and Greece. Here is a glimpse into the hurly burly of that anachronistic time, when a King of Prussia paraded the streets of Berlin with a revolutionary cockade in his hat and when a hater of republics suddenly becomes the right arm of a Democratic junta. So off posts Hohenlohe to hunt for the Pope, who, meanwhile, has been chased from Rome. At Marseilles he alters his course and embarks for Athens, and then, to kill time, accepts the invitation of the British admiral and steams to the Holy Land and Egypt, whence he returns to Athens. He finally reaches Gaeta, and is warmly received by the genial Pius IX., who is pleased with Hohenlohe's assurances that the revolutionary German ambassador speaks for all Germans, irrespective of creed.

Hohenlohe in 1849 was only thirty years old, yet had seen the great world to rare profit compared with the young Monsieur de Bismarck, whose social horizon had lifted scarcely over the level of a beer table and a string of sausages. Hohenlohe was not merely a prince—he lived as such, he travelled as such, he was received as such. Wherever he went he

*Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Schilling-Fuerst. Vol. I. New York: Macmillan Company, 1906.

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was the guest of royalty, welcomed as a cousin, and at every step he absorbed knowledge of the highest importance to one who appreciates what personal favour means amongst monarchs.

Then the German Imperial Revolutionary Republic dissolved, its supporters were hunted down, sent to gaol, or exiled, and Hohenlohe found it convenient to leave Germany and make Paris his headquarters, where, of course, he at once entered into personal relations not merely with the prospective third Napoleon, but with other possible candidates to the throne. Thence he sought more seclusion on his Russian estates, where, in 1851, he wrote as though he intended making there a permanent exile. And though he does not say so, he no doubt intended seeking admission to the Russian service, after the manner of the great Baron Stein in the days of the first Napoleon. However, there is no evidence of his having received any proffer from Russia, although he made a lengthy visit to St. Petersburg and spent a year or more on his Lithuanian estates.

In 1856 we find him a part of Roman society, then in Berlin seeking some favour of the Prussian Court; then comes his first visit to London, where Queen Victoria received him into her family as kinsman, and where he noted many sensible remarks of Prince Albert. Next year he was again in Russia on his estates, the next doing social life in Vienna, then (1861) Munich, and next year Berlin, where old King William I. received him kindly. Next year in Paris, then to a congress of princes in Frankfort, and in 1864 in Munich, permanently, or at least down to 1870, when Volume I. closes.

Here in a nutshell is the education of a prince—more than that, a prince of princely purse. At this point we may say that there is nothing more for him to learn along his chosen path, he has spent the first fifty years of his life learning all that can be learned from intercourse with kings, queens, courtiers and a very few statesmen. An ardent Roman Catholic, he becomes the chief servant of a Protestant monarch; an enemy of self-government, he holds office at the hands of a revolutionary congress; national boundaries had no significance to him. The Prussian, Bavarian, Austrian or Russian services were to him as indifferent as the creed of the patient to a surgeon. Indeed, he records an effort he made to become English. From cover to cover it is this that strikes us, the negative, objective, impersonal quality of his utterances. We cannot speak of his actions, for he had none. Look on his portrait and then on that of Bismarck. This saves me the need of amplification. Note the weak chin, the lofty cranial dome, then note the animal jaws, the prize-fighting nose, the taurene neck of the Pommeranian squire! Comparisons are odious, so is the truth, and ours is an odious task at times.

He was a rhetorician of the Greek school, a philosopher of the book shelf. He wrote magnificent treatises on German unity; then he was sent to Berlin. Bismarck listened to him impatiently. The prize-fighting nose sniffed at his phrases, cut him short and told him in a few words what he must do or be damned. Hohenlohe rolled up his prepared speech and obeyed orders, and in obeying the orders of a Bismarck he earned the laurels of a Bavarian statesman. Hohenlohe, like many scholars, most statesmen and all priests, hated violence and bloodshed. He wanted to arrange the matter of German unity by suasion and diplomatic indirectness. Bismarck was confident that the Prussian army could thrash that of France, and therefore (p. 350) wasted no words in diplomatic fencing.

The eager student of modern history will be disappointed at strange lacunæ in a memoir which bristles with "indiscretions." For instance, the prince is a man of Munich; he was there when the fascinating Lola Montez upset the ministry, created a revolution, and finally caused the King to run away and abdicate. Of all this not a word—the name Lola Montez is not once mentioned—yet he lived within a stone's throw of her palace. Fritz Reuter was in jail, the liberal movement was everywhere preparing a revolution—of all this Hohenlohe records nothing. In 1846 and 1847 were horrible famines in Prussia, riots and shootings, Virchow was arrested for charging the fault to the Government—of all this not a

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word. The prince made a long visit in England in 1859. Not a word of the great men then adorning the noblest period of the Victorian era. British art, poesy, literature, science, discovery, jurisprudence—these all are apparently unknown to him, though he notices some drunken men on his street and tells at length of insipid aristocrats whom he met at dinner. In Paris he gives no hint of the wealth of intellectual power developed at the French capital, he sees only diplomatic puppets—merely externals—and the same is true of his Vienna, Munich, Petersburg, Berlin, or Roman experiences. The American is a modest man, and he will therefore not resent American eclipse in a volume of this kind. But it is none the less curious that a great statesman could live in Europe and discuss world questions and apparently know nothing of America save its discovery in 1492. George Bancroft was our minister in Berlin during Hohenlohe's visit, and he is mentioned casually as present at a dinner, but that mention is obviously due to the fact that the American was an official, not a man of letters. The period of Hohenlohe was America's most glorious era in discovery, in expansion, in letters. It was the age of Hawthorne, of Longfellow, of Washington Irving, of Prescott, of Whittier, of Bryant. In discovery it was the time when steam travel on the ocean was inaugurated by an American, when the cotton gin was affecting every market; when sewing machines, reapers and hundreds of labour-saving implements were making the Yankee a benefactor of mankind, and before the protectionistic palsy had attacked our commercial courage. The telegraph of Morse would alone have entitled this country to honourable recognition as worthy to succeed the age of Benjamin Franklin. In national expansion, the war with Mexico had added to our boundaries and power a vast and wealthy empire; our opening of Japan was an epoch in economic progress and our Civil War one of the landmarks in the development of mankind. Of all this Hohenlohe remained indifferent, if not ignorant, whilst he found space in plenty for chatter suited to the columns of a society paper!

Once at a Court function the writer of these lines had his attention called to this prince, then Chancellor of the German Empire. He was making a bow to a brother of the Russian Czar, and that bow was so low, so long in point of time, and so abject in point of quality, that I had to think of something in Morocco or China before I could draw a parallel.

"Why does the prince make so servile a bow?" I asked of a courtier at my elbow.

"The prince has large estates in Russia!" was the comprehensive answer, which needed no further explanation, for it was a moment when the Court of St. Petersburg was disposed to make life intolerable to Germans owning estates in Russia. There was in this bow to the Slav a clew to much in these Memoirs—the courtly not to say Jesuitical attitude of a statesman who seeks to attain his end without a blow—to remain friends with all his enemies at once.

We scan these Memoirs in vain for evidence that Hohenlohe ever originated or carried out a political purpose. He finally was made Prime Minister of Germany, for Prussia at a certain moment needed a conspicuous Roman Catholic in order to assure the Pope that henceforth his wishes would be kindly considered at the Court of William II. Hohenlohe was handy—he was *persona grata* not merely in Berlin, but in Rome as well. Protestant Prussia is now in sympathetic partnership with the Vatican, and Hohenlohe acted as quasi-Papal secretary *pro tem.*

Let me quote here and there a few indiscretions.

Old Emperor William as King of Prussia (in 1862) is thus referred to in a conversation with Augusta (his wife):

> She confessed to me frankly that she was greatly depressed. She had never imagined that ruling was so difficult or that the circumstances of her new position would present themselves to her in so wretched a light after so short a time. The King was irritable and dispirited, the outlook was very gloomy, the people with whom one came in contact, the party leaders, seemed to her so unpleasant, so far from being gentlemen, in the English sense of the word. They all seemed up in

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PRINCE HOHENLOHE IN HIS STUDY

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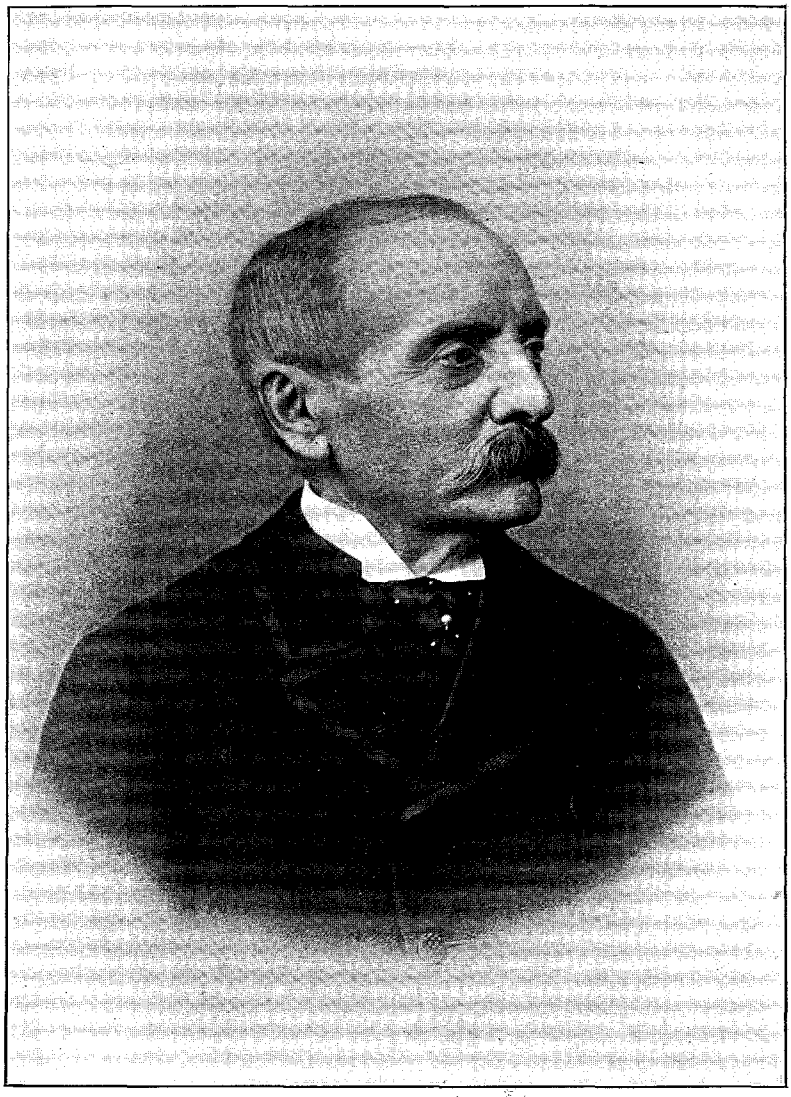

CHANCELLOR VON HOHENLOHE (FUERST CHLODWIG ZU HOHENLOHE-SCHILLING-FUERST)

arms against one another, so that she was thoroughly anxious, especially as she heard from all sides that the situation was critical.

"The King and I," she continued, "are old people. We can hardly hope to do more than work for the future. But I wish I could look forward to a happier state of things for our son" [later Emperor Frederick, who died in 1888].

What is there indiscreet in all this? asks the man of simple life. Only this. The King of Prussia had then been but one year on the throne of the absolute Hohenzollern. Already in 1848 he had been chased by the German mob into exile, and now only a few years later was meditating abdication as the only solution of his royal difficulties. Hohenzollerns do not like to be reminded that rulers by right divine are affected by a noise in the streets.

In 1849 he noted in his diary dated Mt. Carmel:

The East knows nothing of Germany. We

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must have a German Catholic Consul in Jerusalem. Influence in the East would give more power to Germany, increase of German commerce and perhaps of colonisation. In order to establish this influence, we must make use of the religious element of the Catholic clergy. More attention must be paid to this!

All emigration, all colonisation, all deporting of men to foreign lands, even with abundant subsidies, is in last resort nothing but a convenient kind of traffic in souls, unless comprehensive treaties are concluded between the several governments.

If this is effected, . . . there is no reason that we should not turn from the already thickly populated and not particularly fertile North of America and come back to the East.

What silly stuff! exclaims the man who knows the world as it is, and not the cosmos of the German professor! Here is your real indiscretion! Why, O worthy editor, did you permit such rubbish to be printed, and why, instead, did you not give us a page or two about Lola Montez in Munich! Think of the great stream of German emigration being turned aside from New York to Asia Minor through a consul more or less or a treaty more or less!

On the same page he writes, referring to the near East:

We must do all we can to check the Russians and English there, to which end it is essential to send out no Protestant bishops and missionaries, but to make it a station for the Catholic world in the East. A consul in the East must be a Catholic.

This he wrote in his diary when accredited envoy of a Germany whose chosen head was a Protestant Hohenzollern!

On self-government in general he notes unbounded contempt for Switzerland:

But the fellows plume themselves upon their wisdom, boast of their fine republic, and so forth. I never felt so strong an aristocrat as in this republic. I hate the Radicals more than ever, now that I have been behind the scenes and learned the nature of their egotistical projects (p. 10, aged twenty).

Of his own Radicals he forms about the same opinion. He refers to the Legislature as this:

Idiotic assembly. These chattering institutions have never made me so angry as now. If I ever get an opportunity of venting my indignation against them and their like, I shall seize it (1840, p. 13).

His philosophy leads him to define happiness as the product of self-study:

In other words, one must be contented to remain a psychologist, an investigator of mental powers.

Only thus can one retain one's own character in the presence of a scoundrel, one's small intellectual powers before a fool and one's cheerfulness before a grave digger!

To his mother he wrote in 1844 (aged twenty-five):

I have been almost every Sunday to dine at Court [Berlin], and to my astonishment have secured the favour of exalted personages.

Yesterday the King [Frederick William IV.] actually offered me his snuff-box, from which I took a pinch with delight.

But outside of snuff-box politics he has no compliments for the King, for he notes confidentially to his mother next year (1845):

My few conversations with the authorities [of Prussia] have shown me the confusion and want of intelligence prevailing in the highest circles [which means the King and his intimates] where every popular desire, if it does not coincide with the wishes of the government, is regarded as treason.

These lines are indiscreet from the palace point of view, but from mine there was indiscretion in printing some maudlin verses written the same year, when peasants were starving all over Eastern Germany. Those peasants were paving the Revolution of 1848, but Hohenlohe could not see them from the windows of a palace.

Here is a pendent (anno 1861) on a visit to Russia:

At Vilna the hurrahs of the Jews were most peculiar, sounding exactly like the bleating of sheep. It is not surprising that despite their demonstrations of loyalty they should be considerably cuffed and knocked about by the police, for a more impudent lot than these Polish Jews I have never seen, thrusting themselves in everywhere like wild beasts, even where they have no business whatever!

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Next page he says:

I remarked [diary 1861] to Prince that it seemed to me strange to speak of Hungarian nationality as opposed to German, seeing that the Hungarians are mainly Germans!

But peace to further extracts, save to quote the one compliment to Bismarck in the first volume (anno 1867), when Hohenlohe enters in his diary after a conversation with the iron Chancellor:

He spoke openly and not like a horse dealer!

The reader will find in these precious volumes that Hohenlohe has been wrong in nearly every opinion he has expressed. He was a man of the world in the opera box and champagne supper sense, but of the great working and voting and fighting world he was as innocent as a nursery maid in a conning tower.

Our grateful thanks to the editor Friedrich Curtius for his indiscretions. We hope he may not be sent to gaol after the manner of so many of his eminent colleagues, but if he does suffer punishment, let him take comfort in the thought that these Memoirs, whilst hard upon Hohenzollerns, are vastly more so upon Hohenlohe. Herr Curtius suggests that he has suppressed much—this gives us hope that a later volume may undo some of the mischief done to-day. For tell me, kind editor, how could a man like the Prince Chancellor live the whole of the Victorian era, meet the cream of high society in every important capital, write a diary, and never once say anything worth repeating, never quote anything worth remembering, never jot down a single anecdote. Think of these names as the men of Hohenlohe intercourse—I take them at random—Prince Albert, Queen Victoria, the late Emperor William, Bismarck, Guizot, Napoleon III.—the aristocracy of each country—the heads of missions, the chief ministers of state at every court, and the opportunity of meeting every eminent man of literary, artistic, or scientific position!

All this and not an anecdote!

As for the English translation, it calls for no praise—it makes us lament that we had not the German original before us. The work has the normal number of typographical blunders, suggesting pardonable haste, but these are largely with the spelling of German names and cause no serious difficulty to a German student.

In conclusion, we beg to recommend this work to the political student as an admirable exponent of the important man in contradistinction to the great man of his time.

Poultney Bigelow.

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SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Lord Rosebery's "Lord Randolph Churchill."*

After the harvester come the gleaners; after the exhaustive and definitive life of the great man it is the turn of the dealers in reminiscence. Too often the poor subject of these unauthorised revelations has reason to turn in his grave at his betrayal by professed friends. Not always does a politician's posthumous honour rest in the hands of a friend so acute, so discreet, so brilliantly sympathetic as the statesman who has in this book paid his tribute to the late Lord Randolph Churchill. The fact that Lord Rosebery belongs to the political party which was the object of Lord Randolph's savage onslaughts, may, on the whole, be counted an aid to fairness. It places him on his guard, if need were, against misinterpreting the political motives of his one-time opponent, and makes for a certain detachment still impossible to those of closer political affiliations with the late leader of the Fourth Party.

It is doubtful, indeed, whether Lord Randolph, were he still alive, could find

*Lord Randolph Churchill. By Lord Rosebery. New York: Harper and Brothers.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

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a single indiscreet or unjust word to complain of in this study. Differences of opinion, of interpretation, he might, indeed, find; but never a lapse in the generous sympathy of a true friend. With all its critical tone, the work is in the best sense a tribute. It places Lord Randolph's remarkable character, and much of his political career, in the best possible light under the guise of rendering him mere justice. Its interest is no less for those who are curious of the secret of a strange personality than for the student of political history. It is as remarkable for its reticences as for its revelations. Where it fails completely to illuminate the life and career of its subject, it gives us interesting sidelights on that scarcely less interesting personage, its author.

Undoubtedly there will be some disappointment for those who expect at last to find the whole secret of Lord Randolph's life laid bare. The tangled skein of motive is too complex to be easily unravelled. Even the son, Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, could not wholly accomplish it in that admirable biography—one of the most fascinating written in modern times—which Lord Rosebery declares is "to be marked among the first dozen, perhaps the first half dozen, biographies in our language." Perhaps only a poet could do

LORD ROSEBERY

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entire justice to a career so unaccountable according to our rough every-day measurements. Lord Randolph's life was, indeed, in a strict sense the stuff of tragedy —the life of a man whose collapse at the moment of his highest attainment was brought about by the strain of weakness in a character undeniably great. The elements of the drama are striking: the meteoric rise, the moment of intoxicating power, the dizzy fall. The poet might complain only that the climax of the play was too diffuse. For nearly ten years Lord Randolph survived his own political death; in Lord Rosebery's striking phrase, "he was the chief mourner at his own protracted funeral, a public pageant of gloomy years." Such tragedy has for stage purposes a fatal defect. The drama of actual life shows poor constructive skill.

The baffled sense of pathos in this life that promised so much is strongly evident in Lord Rosebery's account of his friend's character. Yet he is philosophical withal, and candidly interested in pointing out the political mistakes that led to Lord Randolph's downfall. In spite of the calm detachment Lord Rosebery has always cultivated, he betrays more than once the preoccupation of the "practical" politician, keenly alive to the workings of the party machine. Nothing in his brief study is more admirable than his analysis of the "Tory Democracy," which Lord Randolph professed. He shows, what the leading exponent of this faith must sometimes have dimly suspected, that Tory Democracy is a contradiction not only in terms, but in essence. It is quite true, too, as he insists, that Lord Randolph Churchill, aristocrat by breeding and Tory by party affiliation, was at heart a radical of radicals. He was always in advance, not only of his own party, but even of the Liberal Party of his day. His aristocratic birth gave him a hearty contempt for the pushing, commercial middle class; but he neither despised nor hated the men who work with their hands, and by a sort of justice it was from them that he received his most enthusiastic, if not discriminating, appreciation.

The fact that he was a radical, dropped down by the accident of birth in the Tory camp, explains the obvious steps in his career—the steps that need no explaining. With his brilliant gifts conceded, it explains the remarkable power exerted for a time by the Fourth Party. It explains largely how, having led Toryism so far, he was unable to carry it further. It explains wholly why Lord Salisbury and other real Tories always distrusted him, and so accounts in large part for the clash that led to his resignation. But in the nature of the event itself, in the completeness of his political ruin following on what he had actually accomplished, there is a residuum of unexplained motive not to be dissolved by any single reagent.

It is worthy of note that in his comments on the resignation Lord Rosebery does not once mention the only justification for it ever put forward by Lord Randolph. Every one conceded that the trifling dispute over the Budget was merely a pretext on the part of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues. It seems to have been as generally assumed that Lord Randolph was equally disingenuous. His assertion that he had pledged himself to economy, and was therefore compelled to make an issue of a slight increase in the army estimates, does not, apparently, commend itself to the politician in Lord Rosebery as covering the whole ground. Pledges to voters are usually somewhat vague, and subject to "interpretation" in the light of subsequent events. Yet Gladstone, who had no reason for considering Lord Randolph overscrupulous, conceded (in a letter to Mr. Morley, quoted in the latter's *Life of Gladstone*) that the reason may have been genuine.

It may well be that those who knew him best in the days of the Fourth Party are least able to understand the difference between Lord Randolph as a member of the Opposition and Lord Randolph as a minister. The first phase of his career Lord Rosebery outlines admirably. He sketches the reckless, irresponsible, *insouciant* obstructionist, the maker of claptrap catchwords, the harrier of Mr. Gladstone and the darling *enfant terrible* of the Tory Party, in words that place the man vividly before us. His appointment by Lord Salisbury as Chancellor of the

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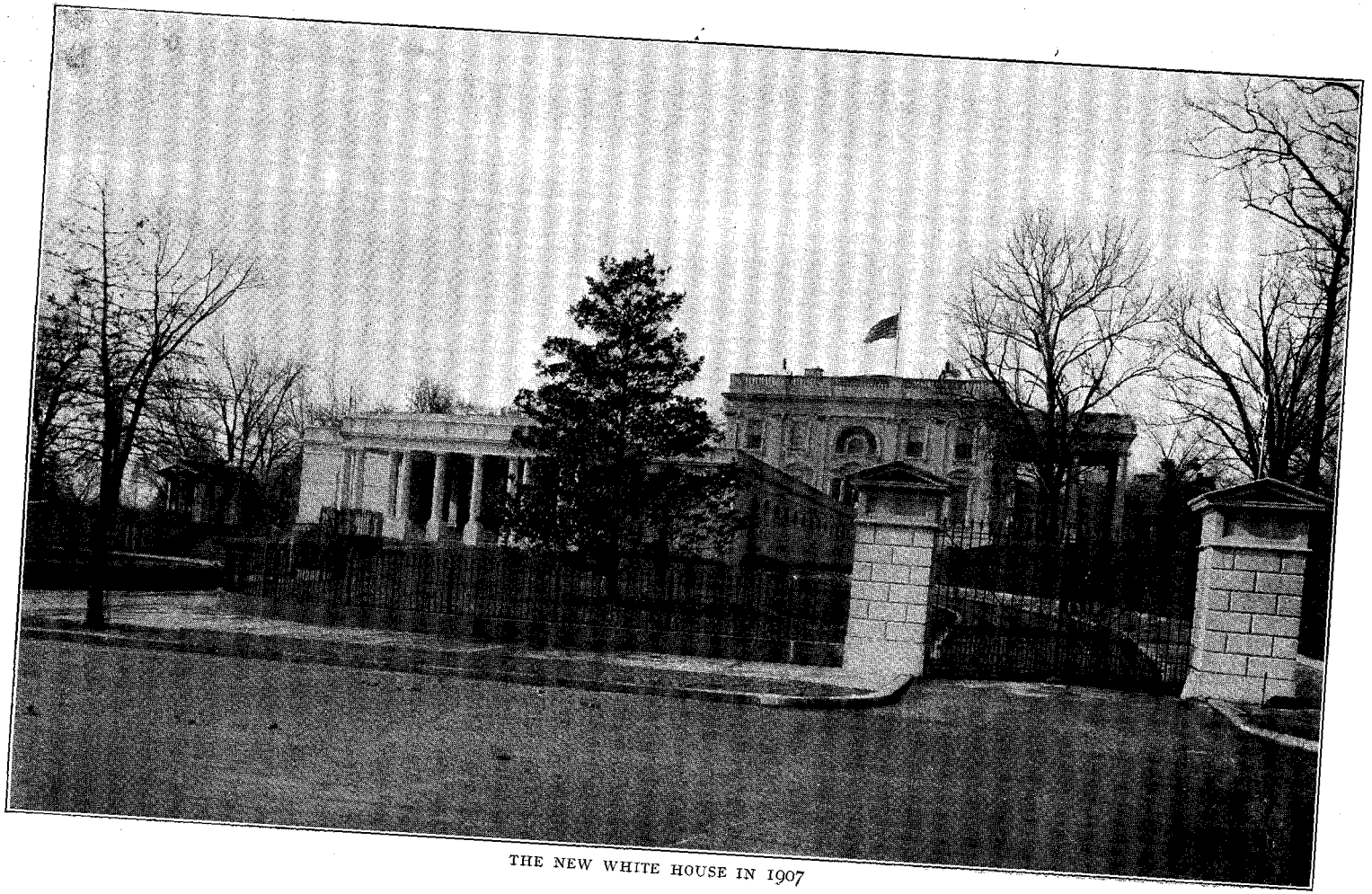

THE NEW WHITE HOUSE IN 1907

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Exchequer and Leader of the House was only a fair recognition of his services. But his associates did not anticipate, nor could they ever realise, the sense of responsibility that came with his accession to office. The change was, indeed, little less than revolutionary—such a change as Shakespeare has denoted in his Henry V. The mischievous youth was instantly sobered by the sense of his first real responsibility. He entered on the important and difficult duties of his office with boundless enthusiasm and determination to accomplish something worth while. His brief leadership of the House was marked by patience and moderation and foresight in addition to all his old skill in debate. His ill-fated Budget, which he never introduced and which was first given to the world by his son in the *Life,* was in many respects an admirable document, the most revolutionary features of which have since been justified.

Yet he failed because of the distrust of his own colleagues. As Lord Rosebery points out, from their point of view they were undoubtedly right. Whither he would have led the Tory Party, had he been permitted his own way, it is idle to speculate; certainly to something quite different from Toryism. But that his motives were not wholly inspired by personal ambition is, it seems to me, as plain as that he worked from motives and not mere impulse. In one of his most delightful and characteristic passages Lord Rosebery describes him as "half aristocrat and half Bohemian; the aristocratic part was in his blood; his Bohemianism came from the fact that he was, inexplicably enough, if his home and early association be considered, born and bred a rebel, as much as any Bohemian a rebel against the accepted and conventional standards of life." The charm of this characterisation must not blind us to the fact that it is but a half-truth; that in so far as Bohemianism implies irresponsibility and *laissez aller,* it is positively unjust to one phase of Lord Randolph's career. The corrective must, indeed, be found in a later and purely incidental admission: "When invested with power he took grave and large views."

With all deductions made, however, it is a lifelike as well as brilliantly attractive portrait that Lord Rosebery has sketched in this book. To its making he brings large views of statecraft, ample knowledge of history and wisdom in the ways of men, in addition to a style of singular charm, a mastery of the happy phrase. The rarely fortunate conjunction of author and subject could not fail to produce a fascinating work.

Edward Clark Marsh.

II

Professor Peck's "Twenty Years of the Republic."*

The period treated in this history covers the twenty years from the rise of Cleveland to the rise of Roosevelt. That is, the period begins with the beginning of Cleveland's first administration and ends with the popular endorsement of Roosevelt as an elected President. It is a period doubtless familiar personally to the larger half of Dr. Peck's readers, to readers of the age of forty-five and upwards. For forty-five is the age at which reminiscence begins to interest, when the thoughtful person likes to "get a line" on experiences and transitions of which he feels himself to have been a part—this as distinguished from impersonal history and the academic interest which appeals to those who care for it. The personal element makes the historical treatment of such a period as Dr. Peck has chosen a task of peculiar difficulty and delicacy. On the other hand, the lively assent or dissent surely challenged by all disputed statements and conclusions adds a certain piquancy of zest which is an alert writer's best incentive. This venture in recent history fills also a place of special utility. As was remarked by a reviewer more than twenty-five years ago, on the publication of Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times,* the events which have occurred in one's own time, "which linger vaguely in the recesses of memory," are the hardest to substantiate as to facts and to place in proper relations. To find them means a painstaking hunt of newspaper files, correspondence and other "annals and chron-

*Twenty Years of the Republic, 1885-1905. By Harry Thurston Peck, LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, $2.50.

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icles." When found they are isolated or fragmentary events, "not having yet adjusted themselves to the historical perspective." *Per contra,* to reach a satisfactory conclusion on the fall of Greece or Rome is simply a matter of consulting recognised authorities, and using one's own best instructed judgment.

In the twenty years from Cleveland to Roosevelt there were many dramatic situations. These were in part due to the surprising masterfulness of Cleveland's personality, directly or indirectly; in part, to unforeseen contingencies and unexpected crises arising out of seething conditions of storm and stress below a surface of apparent calm. The period, as Dr. Peck has emphasised, was one of transition from the old sentimental, ethical issues inherited from the Civil War to the new economic issues of to-day; from an old social order toward a new. This last is the product of a slow-growing appreciation by the people of the possibilities of the United States as a world-power, and of the possibilities of "high finance" and "captained industries" in enabling crafty and unscrupulous brain power, not only to heap up mountains of personal wealth, but also, which is far worse, to appropriate, through combination and manipulation, the common instruments of acquisition, thus closing the door of equal opportunity. To tell the story of such a period so that its significance shall be plain to the uncritical reader requires evidently two gifts, of both of which Dr. Peck is possessed, the gift of analysing and picturing a personality, and the gift of tracing and describing the slow working of those social forces whose evolution may be recognised only after its results are accomplished—in short, to trace and describe "history in the making."

Dr. Peck has also the gift of a lively narrative style, and he is not deterred by a false sense of the dignity of history from making use of any lively anecdotes which have come his way. He has drawn upon newspaper comment and gossip and club-talk equally with public documents and State papers for colour and picturesqueness. If in this he may seem at times to go too far, he at least secures the general effect he aims at—that vividness and variety which fix and keep the reader's attention. Dr. Peck is evidently fascinated by the study and dissection of a personality, and, naturally, is at his best when he is summing up his conclusions. Committing himself as unreservedly as he does to these conclusions, it is really remarkable with what an even hand he treats Trojan and Tyrian. Of all the welter of miserable scandal, for example, that befouled the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884, nothing, however nauseous, is ignored. Yet mud-bespattered as they were, both Blaine and Cleveland are drawn fairly and fully as they looked, each to his own supporters. The same fulness but fairness of treatment characterises Dr. Peck's studies of Harrison and McKinley, and no less of other incidental worthies, such as Charles A. Dana and E. L. Godkin. To step out of the beaten track in order to tell what two leading edi- contributed to history-making is, it is worth noting in passing, a good example of modern history-writing. In explaining the break between Blaine and Harrison, when Mr. Blaine retired so sensationally from the Cabinet just before the Minneapolis Convention, Dr. Peck accounts for its origin principally by resentment at President Harrison's refusal to make Walker Blaine an Assistant Secretary of State. This may be supplemented by another story, perhaps true and perhaps not, that the immediate cause of the break was President Harrison's refusal to promote Mr. Blaine's son-in-law, Colonel Coppinger, to a brigadier-generalship, at the request, particularly, of Mrs. Blaine. This, if it be true, adds curious interest to the fact that Colonel Coppinger was later, at Mr. Blaine's request, made a brigadier-general by President Cleveland. In turning from the personal side of the book, which is one of its distinguishing features, one cannot forbear at least a single quotation—this:

> Jay Gould was one of the most sinister figures that have ever flitted batlike across the vision of the American people. Merciless, cold-blooded, secretive, apparently without one redeeming trait, this man for many years had been the incarnation of unscrupulous greed. A railway-wrecker, a corrupter of the judiciary, a partner of the notorious Fisk, the author of

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the dreadful panic of Black Friday in 1869, when he drove hundreds of victims to ruin, to self-murder, or to shame, Jay Gould, even at the present day, typifies so vividly all that is base and foul, as to cause even the mention of his name to induce the shudderings of moral nausea.

That characterisation of Gould's career gives in a few damning sentences the all that has been said of him.

Dr. Peck has, with admirable clearness, told the story of the politics of these twenty years from the politician's point of view, in contrast with the larger view of politics as determined by the clash of personalities and the evolution of the forces of transition. He, however, in one instance, has failed to emphasise the significance of Harrison's election in 1888, in that it was so close a contest, despite the handicap of Cleveland's sensational tariff message; and in that, had Cleveland won, his tariff policy, inaugurated at a far more favourable time, might have justified itself, and might have so changed subsequent financial conditions as to avoid the extreme crisis of 1893 and, possibly, the fierce silver struggle of 1896. Incidentally, an interesting feature of the fight in the pivotal State of New York, which resulted in the election of D. B. Hill for Governor and Harrison for President, was the paramount issue of the saloon—to which Dr. Peck does not refer. On the morning after his nomination, the New York *Tribune*, in its leading editorial, characterised Hill as "the favourite son of the saloon," and "the darling of the rum power," because of his veto of Republican high license bills and related temperance legislation. The Democratic platform forcibly voiced the other side in its plank opposing "all sumptuary laws needlessly interfering with the personal liberties and reasonable habits and customs of any part of our people." The issue thus joined made every saloon in the State a centre for promoting the Harrison-Hill trade in votes, and left Warner Miller, Hill's opponent for Governor, lying prone "outside the breastworks," in the phrase of Harrison's rhetorical message of condolence. Thus the possibility of inaugurating Cleveland's tariff policy at an auspicious time turned on the "peanut politics" of a "saloon deal" in a pivotal State.

Again, in his graphic and detailed story of the McKinley-Bryan campaign of 1896, Dr. Peck alludes rather slightingly to the alleged attack on the United States Supreme Court in the Democratic platform as a contributing cause of Bryan's defeat. That platform, referring to the decision declaring unconstitutional the income tax provision of the Wilson Tariff Law, called on Congress to use all the power left it by the Court, "or which may come from its (the decision's) reversal by the Court as it may hereafter be constituted," to compel wealth to "bear its due proportion of the expenses of government." In the then excited state of the public mind, and interpreted by the platform's attack on government by injunction—regarded by many as a bulwark of law and order from its effectiveness in ending the "Debs revolution" at Chicago—this plank was regarded as a threat to pack the Supreme Court. Justifiably or not, it beyond question drove from the support of Bryan not a few conservative Democrats whom the silver issue could not stampede.

Passing to concerns more vital, Dr. Peck traces from its inception the unrecognised and even unsuspected growth of a new ambition to share in world-power, through the Samoan complications, the Chilean imbroglio, the Hawaiian intervention and the Venezuelan defiance of Great Britain, to the culmination of the Spanish War and its resulting constitutional departure in the acquisition of colonies—anomalous possessions for the general Government to hold, as being neither States nor Territories. In this connection it should be said that one of the most interesting passages of the book is that in which Dr. Peck speculates on the outcome of the war had Great Britain accepted Cleveland's Venezuelan challenge; and that one of the most convincing is the passage which treats of the ratification of the treaty of Paris. With this lead, Dr. Peck might well have discussed the moot question whether the idealism of the American colonial policy is wise or practicable in its hope of developing through common school education the capacity for self-government in semi-civilised peoples.

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This departure, as exemplified by the Taft policy in the Philippines, is, whatever one's view of its chance of success, distinctively American. It is in its essence the same spirit that led many to criticise as "bullying" and "jingo" the transmission to Congress of President Harrison's Chilean message, when there was, in the State department, in process of translation, a note from the Chilean minister which might (though it did not) have met the demands of the American ultimatum; or that led many to applaud President Cleveland's attempt after his deposition of Liliokulani, to restore the *status quo* in Hawaii—an attempt, as Dr. Peck has pointed out, that might have resulted differently but for the unfortunate choice of Mr. Blount for so delicate a mission. This spirit, however, halting or inconsistent in expression, or futile in achievement, is born of revolt against the cynical doctrine that less powerful peoples exist for the purpose of decent exploitation by more powerful peoples. When embodied in a protectorate over an independent Cuba, or in a diplomacy that saves China from dismemberment, it is a spirit to evoke the applause of decent international sentiment. Its significance, as characterising the advent of the United States as a world-power, surely deserves an adequate emphasis.

It is the same spirit of the new Americanism, seen on another side, which revolts from the doctrine that it is no concern of government if the few, who are financially competent, take advantage of their competence to appropriate and exploit the opportunities of the rest. The incidents marking the spread and increasing strength of this revolt, scattered throughout the period and finding strong championship to-day in the policies of President Roosevelt, are strikingly marshalled by Dr. Peck as interpretative of the trend toward an economic readjustment. The mere naming of the more familiar of these incidents impresses their sequential significance: The tie-up of the Gould railway system at St. Louis led by the incendiary Martin Irons; the Pullman strike at Chicago which incited anarchists to dynamite the police; the great vote polled in New York for Henry George when he was a candidate for mayor in 1886; the rise of the Knights of Labour under Powderly; the rise of the Standard Oil Trust through railroad favouritism to the destruction of competitive interests in Pennsylvania and elsewhere; the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act; the relation between the high tariff doctrine of the Republican Party and the heavy campaign contributions by the favoured interests; the passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law; the rise of the Populist party; the high-handed and bloody suppression of the strike against the Carnegie Company at Homestead; the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act; the hold-up of the Wilson Tariff Bill in the Senate by the Sugar Trust; the suppression by injunction and by Federal troops of the railway strike at Chicago, captained by Debs; the profits of the Morgan syndicate from underwriting bonds issued to protect the gold reserve; the free silver frenzy of the Bryan campaign; the promotion of huge combinations in industrial enterprises, of which the United States Steel Corporation is an example, attended by the creation of equally huge private fortunes, aided by the manipulation of banks, trust companies, insurance companies and railway systems; the revelation of the "true inwardness" of it all in the anthracite coal strike.

The philosophy of the revolution whose course is marked by these and other like incidents, partly political, partly sociological, and often apparently unrelated, is the theme of Dr. Peck's closing chapter. In it he discusses with clearness and sanity the new American attitude as it is disclosed in literature, a changed sex status and a different manner of living, no less than in legislative enactments, the modification of political traditions and an altered direction of social movement and protest. Dr. Peck's philosophy is one of justification as well as of repudiation. It, for example, takes account of the gains to American life from "the discovery of Europe" by the new wealth, while it arraigns as the chief menace to American life that new wealth's lawless encroachments on the common heritage. It is a philosophy of optimism, giving as its final word in looking to the future a word of cheer from Lincoln. Supplementing that word for "patient confidence in the ulti-

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mate justice of the people," from the great American, comes another word from a great Englishman. It was spoken by Gladstone in 1866, while facing foreshadowed defeat on that Reform Bill which Disraeli was so soon to appropriate and pass after radical enlargement. This was Gladstone's word, as given by Morley:

"You cannot fight against the future," he exclaimed with a thrilling gesture. "Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you; they are marshalled on our side; and the banner which we carry in this fight, though perhaps at some moments it may droop over our sinking heads, will yet soon again float in the eye of heaven, and it will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to certain and to a not far distant victory."

Arthur Reed Kimball.

III

Ibsen's Letters*

During the later years of his life Ibsen had more than once promised a book which would be in the nature of an autobiography. In his own words, it should "connect his life with his works, and make of them one self-explanatory whole." But the book was never written. Never did poet heed more completely than did Henrik Ibsen Goethe's injunction to the artist to create and not to talk about it. In this age of quickly won fame there is apt to be more talking about work to be done than there is actual work done. Ibsen did the work and let others do the talking. A preface now and then to a play, an occasional private letter which he permitted to be made public; this was his only concession to that part of the world which prefers to hear a poet talk about his works than to read the works themselves. The fight might rage about him as it liked, he himself remained silent, and sent as only answer to the discussion aroused by one play . . . another play.

*Letters of Henrik Ibsen. Translated by John Nilsen Laurvik and Mary Morison. New York: Fox, Duffield and Company. $2.50 net.

Now comes this collection of letters as the first personal note, the first contribution on Ibsen's side to the tempest he has raised in the literary world. And as it must now of necessity remain the only autobiography we can have, its value cannot easily be overestimated. The compilation of the volume is excellently well done. The introduction gives the data necessary for a comprehension of the Letters, the outer circumstances of the poet's life at the time most of them were written, nothing more. There is no editorial opinion expressed, no foreign point of view obscures our vision of the portrait painted here. Ibsen alone has the word, and therefore, in spite of the scattered and sometimes fragmentary nature of the letters, we have the picture of a personality complete, of a character as strongly defined and clearly outlined as the rocks that tower beside the cold fjords of the Northland. The Letters are scattered over a period of fifty years, and during this time the writer's opinions and tastes change, as all progressive minds must change in the natural course of development. But the keynote of Ibsen's character remained the same from the first gropings of his awakening intellectual life until the last utterances of his authoritative old age. It was truth he sought, and truth alone. He did not split hairs as to the nature of truth, he tried only to live out the truth as far as he could see it. As long as one did not lie, nothing else mattered. In a letter to a young authoress who had sent him her first book he says: "The great thing is to become honest and truthful in dealing with one's self—not to determine to do this or determine to do that, but to do what one *must* because one is one's self. All the rest simply leads to falsehood."

Ibsen took his mission very seriously, believing that any gift brings with it a responsibility that must not be shirked. He writes from Rome to his friend Björnson: "Is it not an inexpressibly great gift of fortune to be able to write? But it brings with it great responsibility; and I am now sufficiently serious to realise this and to be very severe with myself." Ibsen's religious and political creed was that of the most pronounced

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individualism. Through the development of the powers of the individual alone can come the salvation of the individual and therefore of the nation. This is the creed which can be plainly read in his works. But the letters show us that it was his artistic creed also. He believed that a talent demanded the serious application of the whole man to its development, that this talent was given a man for a reason; but that only as he understood all of what his art was capable could he preach through that art for the good of mankind. It might make him selfish according to conventional ideas, but this selfishness was necessary. In an ardent letter of encouragement to George Brandes, in whom Ibsen most profoundly believed, the dramatist writes:

> What I chiefly desire for you is a genuine, full-blooded egoism which shall force you for a time to regard what concerns yourself as the only thing of any consequence, and everything else as non-existent. Now don't take this wish as an evidence of anything brutal in my nature! There is no way in which you can benefit society more than by coining the metal you have in yourself. . . . There are actually moments when the whole history of the world appears to me like one great shipwreck, and the only important thing seems to be to save one's self.

Another little article of Ibsen's artistic creed goes far to show his point of view towards his art:

> Everything which I have created as a poet has had its origin in a frame of mind and a situation in life; I never wrote because I have, as they say, "found a good subject." . . .
>
> During the time I was writing *Brand* I had on my desk a glass with a scorpion in it. From time to time the little animal was ill. Then I used to give it a piece of soft fruit, upon which it fell furiously and emptied its poison into it . . . after that it was well again. Does not something of the same kind happen to us poets? The laws of nature regulate the spiritual world also.

The letters of the first twenty years are naturally the most expansive and the most intimate. When success came and brought with it the opportunity for carefree work, and all the distractions of business dealings and social obligations, the poet had little time and energy left for correspondence. What he writes then, except in a few rare cases, are instructions concerning his plays, slight explanations where he deems such necessary, and thanks to those friends who have understood him and interpreted his thoughts. In this Ibsen was most punctilious. During the time when his letters to more intimate friends show how busy he was, he never neglected to acknowledge gratefully any favourable criticism, any expression of interest.

An interesting detail not generally known is that Ibsen made an altered last scene for *A Doll's House* because he had been told that some German theatre was about to give an adaptation of the play. Ibsen fought any changes that he did not make himself, . . . and he was not willing to make many of these. In order to prevent the possibility of any outside alteration, he himself sent to the manager of the theatre in question an altered last act in which Nora does not leave the house, but is forcibly led by Helmer to the door of the children's room, and after a short dialogue has taken place, Nora sinks down at the door and the curtain falls. Ibsen characterised this change as "barbaric violence" to the play. It was given but once in Germany, after that the play became popular in the original ending. When Eleanora Duse wished to play Nora she had the question of a similar alteration put to Ibsen. But the dramatist was so decided in his refusal that the great actress finally accepted and played the part as first written.

Ibsen himself made all the changes necessary to use *Peer Gynt* on the stage, as he knew that the poem in its original form was not possible for practical theatrical purposes. In his letter to Grieg on the subject of the music he wished written, it is interesting to note that some of the alterations proposed by Ibsen are not the ones finally made when the play was performed. Another little remark may help the many who are pondering over the so-called mysterious character of Hedda Gabler. Ibsen writes to his French translator, "The title of the play is *Hedda Gabler*. My intention in giving it this name was to indicate that Hedda as a personality is to be regarded rather

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as her father's daughter than as her husband's wife."

It is impossible within the limits of a review to suggest a tithe of the interesting things in this valuable human document. Suffice it to say in closing that the translators have done their work in a most praiseworthy fashion.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

IV

Mr. Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Life"*

Whoever has read George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man* has probably read it many times. There was something about it which had an indescribable fascination. In the first place, it was very vital. It was very frank. It seemed to be, and probably was in great part, the spontaneous jottings of one who still retained the zest of youth and the freshness of feeling which enabled him to recall not only memories but sensations. Its very formlessness gave one pleasure, because it passed lightly from elusive bits of narrative to quite irrelevant criticism, and because both narrative and criticism were set down as genius sets things down offhand. In it all, perhaps, there was considerable pose, and Mr. Moore had evidently been an assiduous reader of Maurice Barrès. Nevertheless, it was a curiously suggestive piece of work and gave one food for thought; since here was a modern Franco-Irish Rousseau, without the sentiment and frequent triviality of his prototype.

The present writer must have read that book at least a score of times, and he came to the reading of this second quasi-autobiographical volume with hopes and expectations that were perhaps too great for realisation. They have, at any rate, been wholly disappointed. Only Mr. James Huneker, who seems to like George Moore's later works far better than his earlier ones, can feel the slightest enthusiasm over a book which is certainly as dead as the dead life of its title. In the *Confessions* one used to read because he really had to. One reads the *Memoirs* now, because long ago he derived enjoyment from the *Confessions*. Here we find a series of experiences, all practically relating in some way to the allurements of women, yet in which the narrative has no allurement whatsoever. It sometimes happens that one hears a graceless old man telling over the amatory adventures of his youth, and one is always sorry for him. The adventures do not interest, for the eroticism of senility is unpleasing even if it be not actually repulsive. A little of this feeling sways the mind when one digests the pages of this last book by George Moore. There are clever things within its chapters—bits of phrasing, tricks of speech, now and then something which recalls the great French masters with whose literature George Moore is saturated. But on the whole it is not worth while. Only in fragments does one remember it; whereas in the *Confessions* there were whole passages that glowed with a colour that cannot fade. Who that read that book can forget the exquisite passage in which the violin-like cadences of Gustave Kahn are rendered into written music? Who, in another way, can ever forget the slavey, the "awful Emma," who brought Mr. Moore his breakfast in his shabby London lodgings? But in the *Memoirs*, whether it be the lovers of Orelay or the man-crazy girl who played the "Brooklyn Cakewalk," what is there that is worth remembering?

We have spoken of the bits of clever phrasing and description. A few of these may here be quoted to show that the author's hand has not wholly lost its cunning. Here, for instance, is a picture of Paris as seen from the Butte Montmartre:

> "Beyond the houses that surround these gardens, Paris spreads out over the plain, an endless tide of bricks and stones, splashed with white when the sun shines on some railway station or great boulevard; a dim, reddish mass, like a gigantic brick-field, and far away a line of hills, and above the plain a sky as pale and faint as the blue ash of a cigarette."

In another vein is his comment upon Rodin and Gounod:

*Memoirs of My Dead Life. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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"Rodin often introduces a trivial voluptuousness into art; and his sculpture may be sometimes called *l'article de Paris.* It is occasionally soiled by the sentiment of which Gounod is the great exponent—a base soul who poured a sort of bath-water melody down the back of every woman he met: Margaret or Madeleine, it was all the same."

Curious though unwholesome, or at least unusual, is his study of the love which an old woman excites in a young man:

"As a flush of summer lingers in autumn's face, so does a sensation of sex float in such an affection. There is something strangely tender in the yearning of the young man for the decadent charms of her whom he regards as the mother of his election, and who, at the same time, suggests to him the girl he would have loved if time had not robbed him of her youth. There is a waywardness in such an affection that formal man knows not of."

These quotations may possibly induce some to read the book; though we must be frank and say that they are about the best things in it. Who cares, for example, whether Mr. Moore thinks that American women are sensual or whether he declares that the life of a fat chicken is an admirable thing, and that the end of a fat chicken is one of glory? We do not imagine that Mr. Moore has put much of his true self into these so-called *Memoirs.* In form they are more autobiographical even than his *Confessions;* but in fact we believe them to be less so. Indeed, if one wishes to get at the author's actual point of view, this can be gained far better from one of his novels, which ostensibly is fiction, but which we imagine to contain an immense amount of fact; and that is the brutal, hopeless, but haunting story which bears the unprepossessing title of *Mike Fletcher.*

Perhaps the most enlivening part of the *Memoirs* is the preface, in which the author gives his opinion of the Messrs. Appleton for having expurgated some of his most salacious passages. Here he is writing with a certain vigorous purpose which will be found lacking elsewhere in the book. The Messrs. Appleton good naturedly allowed him to say just what he thought. For our part, we cannot believe that any expurgation was worth while. No one but an admirer of George Moore's earlier and better work (to which, by the way, he himself makes no allusion) would ever wade through the pages of this volume. And these are persons who have passed the years of adolescence. What interests us most is to find Mr. Moore writing as though his literary career began with the publication of *Esther Waters,* whereas, in truth, that novel marked the beginning of his decline. Only he and Mr. Huneker, we think, still cling to the belief that *Esther Waters* and *Evelyn Innes* and *The Untilled Field* are anything but murky milestones in a sure descent from the unusual to the commonplace. As for the *Memoirs,* the collection is a rather sickening blend of Henry Harland at his fluffiest and of Goncourt at his feeblest.

H. T. P.

V

Anthony Fiala's "Fighting the Polar Ice"*

Mr. Anthony Fiala's account of his attempt on the North Pole in 1903-5 is another exhibit in the evidence against the method followed recently in America, of choosing the members of an Arctic expedition. Consider for a moment this method and its results. There is no lack of material; no lack of healthy young men who are eager to undertake the adventure of the Arctic Sphinx. The leader has only to choose his score of comrades from hundreds of volunteers. He uses what care he can in making his selection. There are now in this country some hundreds of men who have been tried out in Greenland, or Spitzbergen, or Franz Josef Land, and one or two of these usually form the nucleus of a party. For the others, at the dinner of departure, they turn out a fine, clean-limbed, clear-eyed set of young men, imaginative, enthusiastic, untried, unused to discipline, and for the most part strangers to their fellows. Of team work, they have had none. And the welding together of these well-appearing parts to

*Fighting the Polar Ice. By Anthony Fiala. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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form such a compact force as is demanded in an Arctic sledge-journey must take place in a region where the forces of nature search for a man's weakest point as unremittingly as water searches for a flaw in a diver's uniform. Before the great effort of their enterprise is at hand—the "dash" with sledges and dogs over the polar ice pack—they must pass through the Arctic night—four or five sunless months. Every one knows to what a grotesque horror a waking nightmare may grow in a few hours of darkness; conceive, then, the mind of a man in the course of three thousand hours of obscurity. And the more alert the man, the more active his imagination, the greater the mass of discontent that this imagination can pile up. The tendency of imagination must be toward discontent, for the body as well as the mind is harassed—not only by the nervous ailments which come of mental stress, but also by lack of the nourishment furnished by sunlight to the blood. Before the middle of the darkness, the explorer is anæmic; turns green in the face. If he has heart disease, he dies. The wonder is, not that reports of disagreements have come from most of our Arctic expeditions, but that the parties have held together at all. For in these depressing conditions the small, insidious relief that comes of blaming some one for whatever has gone wrong is too tempting not to prevail. And there are plenty of persons at hand to be blamed—a dozen, or perhaps a score of men, unavoidable. They are cooped up together in a hut barely large enough to hold them, in inescapable and unwonted intimacy. Each of them is a potential subject for blame; but the shining mark must be the officially responsible man, the leader. And again, the more intelligent the subordinate, the more alert and independent in mind, the more themes for disagreement with comrades and leader will he discover. If the spirit of criticism once lays hold of a party organised as our recent expeditions have been organised, then farewell to morale; for the members of such a party have not the life-long habit of discipline which tides over many hard thoughts. In its place, to be sure, enthusiasm for the discovery of the pole usually blooms forth as the day of the sledge-journey draws near. That it outlasts the winter at all is surprising; that it has proved not to be a hardy plant, that it has wilted with a first or second defeat in the heart-breaking struggle, on strange rations, to force a sledge over the diabolically perverse ice-hummocks of the polar pack is not surprising. The men who refused to volunteer for a third sledge journey with Mr. Fiala, after the first and second had failed, are perhaps not to be admired; but they are not to be blamed. It is the haste of our American plan of preparing for an expedition that is to blame—a haste which involves the enlisting of untried men. From such an experience a few come out staunch. But the weight of the deadwood is too heavy for an Arctic expedition.

There are several methods of solving this problem. Commander Peary has solved it by choosing Eskimos as his assistants. They are adapted by nature for the winter, they are good dog drivers and they are biddable. But they are not within the reach of every leader. Our English rivals have adopted a simpler method; they have merely relied for the rank and file of their parties on men of lesser intelligence, perhaps, but accustomed all their lives to hardship and to unquestioning obedience—in a word, sailors. Their polar exploration has for the most part been carried on by the navy. The leaders have found time, amid the multifarious duties of preparation, to select the crews with particular care. When Captain Scott was making ready to explore Victoria Land, he asked every naval officer of his acquaintance to contribute a list of desirable tars; and from these lists he chose a ship's company that did more brilliant work with less friction than has ever been accomplished by another party in the South Polar region. The inconveniences of confined quarters were no new cause of dissatisfaction with them, as the similar inconveniences of an Arctic tent must be to men unused to living cooped together with other men. Sailors spend much of their lives in putting up with the queernesses of unavoidable fellow-men. They grumble, of course—sailors always grumble, but their discontent does not mean defection; the habit

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of obedience is too strong for that. And they have what Mr. Fiala describes as the main virtue in Arctic work: patience. It is interesting to note that among those of Mr. Fiala's party who volunteered and were accepted for a second winter and a third sledge-journey, two-thirds were members of the ship's company, men who were in no way responsible for the success of the sledge work. And Mr. Fiala himself, in sketching plans for a future expedition, suggests that the party be composed of soldiers or sailors, though as an alternative suggestion, he presents a plan for trying out miscellaneous volunteers by a preliminary course of hardship in this country.

It is for his plans and the description of his equipment that the book is mainly valuable. His narrative is a simple tale of not very thrilling adventures—as Arctic adventures go. It is a record of disaster and defeat. The expedition, which was sent out by William H. Ziegler in 1903 to reach the pole from a land base in Franz Josef Land, lost its ship, made three attempts to cross the polar pack by sledge, none of which lasted more than two or three days, and returned home. The main achievements of the expedition were a reconnoissance by Mr. Porter in Zichy Land, and a series of meteorological observations conducted by Sergeant Long. The passages in the narrative which are likely to inspire popular interest are the leader's description of a fall into a crevasse and Mr. Porter's lively account of a tough sledge-journey.

Albert White Vorse.

VI

Mr. Wells's "The Future in America"*

One wonders after reading this book whether its author will not repent its publication on sober second thought, it is so hasty, so superficial; above all, so inconclusive. Mr. Wells is the most ingenious and interesting of fortune-tellers of the day; he crossed the ocean with the avowed purpose of casting our social, political, and economic horoscope; the work of no foreign visitor since James Bryce was anticipated with so much expectancy and popular curiosity as his; the resultant disappointment is therefore proportionately great. The signs he was able to discern are but the signs that we all see, the signs that have been pointed out time and again in current books of our own, in magazines and newspapers. He has not looked conscientiously enough into our past; he has ascribed to evils of the moment a British tenacity of life which in their American origin they cannot possess; he has not been able to adjust, perhaps he has purposely refrained from adjusting, his European viewpoint to our sudden decisiveness of action when once we make up our minds. He ascribes to the promising movement towards social, political, and economic betterment that is the hopeful symptom of the day a vagueness of purpose that it certainly does not possess; he accepts as final the discouragement that does not prevent our idealists from working undismayed for the elevation of our national life; he distrusts our optimism, our faith in "destiny," because in the glow of its oratory it leaps obstacles instead of stopping to remove them. He has failed to see that the very removing of those obstacles has become the task, performed with ever-growing success, of the "vague" idealists.

He forgets that Rome was not built in a day, that the future of a country cannot be predicated from the advances and retrogressions, the achievements and failures of a generation or two. Evolution is not a straightforward movement; it has its atavistic side, its sloughing-off processes, as well as its upward development.

Mr. Wells has been unable to see anything but the chaos that every busy nation presents to the first view of the newly arrived foreigner, his later systematic investigations failing to dissipate that initial impression of "haste without speed," of headlong hurry without clearly defined aim and purpose. He plainly considers us at entirely too primitive an evolutionary stage to allow of any safe forecasting of what we are to be. At the same time he feels, in a none too precise, but for all that rather positive, way, that

*The Future in America: A Search after Realities. By H. G. Wells. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers, $2.00 net.

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the prospect for us is dark rather than bright, but, having grown wise in the practice of his ingenious application of the ways of evolution to the future of humanity, he refrains from ultimately committing himself, whence the inconclusiveness of his book. Whatever may be the opinion of England and the Continent of the informative and speculative value of this hasty glimpse at our present, with its implied inability to foresee our future, its value and interest to us are of the slightest. While we have diminished greatly Mr. Wells's ignorance of the United States, he has added nothing to our knowledge of it, or of ourselves. He has familiarised himself somewhat with the surface of facts; the truths underlying them have escaped him. Indeed, his is the least interesting of the many books of prominence that have been written about this country by foreigners, from Mrs. Trollope downward. The best of them, the *American Commonwealth,* and perhaps Professor Muensterberg's *America and the Americans* excepted, are from French pens, and some of the best of these, strangely enough, have never been translated. The sanity, the preciseness, the clarity of the French mind gives them a more permanent meaning and usefulness than are found in the similar books by writers of other nationalities.

Trusts, life insurance and beef packing scandals, commercial and political graft, "frenzied finance," the flood of the lowest class of immigration, the negro and his future—these are the problems uppermost in the national consciousness to-day. By direct reflection, they form the substance of Mr. Wells's book, as probably the free silver craze would have done if he had visited us a decade ago, but he adds not one original idea to their discussion, he makes not a single helpful suggestion for their solution, he has no deduction to draw regarding their "future in America." He sees the evils we have laid bare, he misses the "uplift," the awakening conscience at the root of the exposures. He raises "Hinky Dink" of Chicago to fame; he believes in the firmness of the man's power. He does not realise that it can be ended in a moment as easily as a candle is snuffed out. He has no perspective view of the far more formidable "Hinky Dinks" of our politics of twenty, of fifty years ago. Preoccupied with the future, he lacked in this strange country the knowledge of the course of its evolution in the past that would have given balance and proportion to his views. He evidently never stopped to realise the importance of acquiring it. Mr. Wells's *Future in America* is but the present that tomorrow will be the past. We had a right to expect from him a more philosophical, a more scientific, a farther-seeing book.

Naturalised Americans (of whom the present writer is one) will give it a smile of recognition; it contains so much that went to the formation of their own first impressions, their earliest positive opinions, abandoned one by one as understanding came, as adjustment to environment and its fundamental causes and origins was slowly acquired. The American of foreign birth sees the danger of unrestricted immigration perhaps more plainly than the native; yet more plainly than the native, too, does he see the wondrous success of the only class of American women whom Mr. Wells honours with a word of notice in his pages—the "school ma'ams" of our public schools. Our system of free education may not be so thorough as that of England or of Germany, as he suggests, but this may well be because no small part of its energy must be diverted from teaching to the transformation of aliens without tradition into youngsters loyal to the flag. The desirable immigration of earlier years has practically stopped, because, Mr. Wells infers, its source in northern Europe has been exhausted. His suggestion (it is not a prophecy) of an ultimate blond American aristocracy and a swarthy proletariat, however, while it lies well within the bonds of possibility, is not supported by evidence as yet. The southern newcomer has already begun to demonstrate his ability to rise, and it is likely, therefore, that if hereafter a strong line is to be drawn here between patriciate and plebs, blond and dark will be found side by side in both divisions.

Meanwhile, natives and immigrants, we are as yet still little more than nomads in

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our own country. The distribution of the population of the United States Mr. Wells, who is not the only or the first foreign observer to refer to this, considers entirely haphazard and utterly uneconomic. The observation of the Dutch geographer, that by a wise decree of Providence great rivers always flow by great cities, has been verified by our own development thus far. Had the old scientist lived in a later age, his observation would probably have been extended to railroads as well. But beyond that, we are still in a very early stage of our existence, says Mr. Wells, especially in the growing disproportion between our urban and rural population, a state of affairs which our visitor might have discovered also in long-settled Europe. However, "essentially, America is still an unsettled land, with only a few incidental good roads in favoured places, with no universal police, with no wayside inns where a civilised man may rest, with still only the crudest of rural postal deliveries, with long stretches of swamp and forest and desert by the trackside still unassailed by industry."

A chapter that deserves a closing word is that on our culture. Mr. Wells opines that with us culture is still an exotic, carefully and assiduously forced in hothouses, but as yet with no root firmly planted in our native soil, not acclimated yet to the rigours of our social climate.

A. Schade van Westrum.

VII

Mr. Train's "The Prisoner at the Bar"*

If the average layman will commune with *The Prisoner at the Bar,* he will learn something to his immediate advantage. The same is true of the average lawyer. Either may gain the information in other ways, but they are not apt to be agreeable and amusing, and this book is both. Of the popular interest in crime there can be no question, for the daily press devotes an enormous amount of space to the reports of criminal trials and to police news in general. Nevertheless, if there be one subject on which newspaper readers are more thoroughly misinformed than another, it is the practical administration of our criminal law, and it is high time that some one, speaking with authority, should set the public right. This Mr. Train, of the present New York District Attorney's staff, does most entertainingly and effectively, in his account of *The Prisoner at the Bar.* Here the whole process, from arrest to sentence, is vividly pictured in untechnical language, so that any intelligent reader may see for himself just how the system works in a large city like New York.

It is a story told from the inside with all the skill of an experienced writer who knows the dramatic value of facts, understands the handling of lights and shadows and has the knack of gripping the attention of his audience by a well-told tale. The author's style is easy, colloquial, conversational—that of a good talker who knows what he wants to say and how to say it. Occasionally he conveys his information in the form of fiction, and his diverting account of Mr. Appleboy and the cook who stole the family teapot, is well calculated to instruct and discourage citizens who rashly consider it a duty to make an example of petty offenders.

Those who have never been in a police court have no idea of the amount of business transacted by the magistrates or the rough and tumble justice they administer. Statistics do not tell the story, and the atmosphere in which the work is done well-nigh beggars description. Mr. Train, however, supplies a fair working knowledge of the situation, using figures with nice discrimination to supplement his facts. Perhaps the most important pages of his book are those which deal with the legal harpies and wolves who haunt the police courts and prowl around General and Special Sessions and the Tombs ostensibly guarding, but really abusing, the rights of prisoners, bleeding them until their money is gone and they are thrust back into prison or out into the street. Certainly nothing could be more dramatic and pitiful than the story which the author tells illustrating the methods of these human jackals—a story that may well seem incredible to the inexperienced,

*The Prisoner at the Bar. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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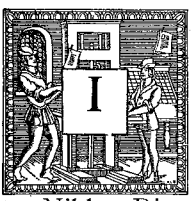
but which is familiar to all who have stood in General Sessions on Fridays and watched the long line of prisoners awaiting sentence. If, by some happy chance, the Tombs could be emptied of its usual tenants and refilled with those who prey upon them, the safety of the community would be better assured. Should some philanthropist act upon the author's suggestion and found a society to supplement the work of the Prison Association and give the same help to worthy prisoners which the Legal Aid Society offers to the poor of the metropolis in the civil courts, this book will accomplish a high public service.

As long as the author keeps strictly to his theme, as he does in the main—particularly in such chapters as "The Arrest," "The Police Court," "The Grand Jury," "The Law's Delays," "The Trial of Felonies," "The Verdict," "The Sentence," and "The Tricks of the Trade"—he is always instructive, and his well-chosen stories, clear illustrations and copious excerpts from famous trials are absorbingly interesting. He might, indeed, have added other chapters on the Coroner's Court and the Children's Court without risk of tiring his readers. It is only when he discusses crime in general that he becomes convincing. His theme is *The Prisoner at the Bar,* and his view point is that of a conscientious public prosecutor. He has not, however, given sufficient thought to the prisoners *behind* the bars to qualify as an expert upon our prison system, and those who have studied the subject will not be inclined to accept all his conclusions upon penology, which, after all, are *obiter dicta.*

The main point is that he has written an authoritative description of the machinery of criminal justice and has done his work so well that even he who runs may see the wheels go 'round.

Frederick Trevor Hill.

THE VALUE OF CONTRAST AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



IN Rudyard Kipling's *Letters from the East* you will find the story of the Nikko Bridge. It relates how, once upon a time, a certain great-hearted king came down to Nikko River, and, struck with the beauty of the rushing torrent, the fields and trees and the soft outline of distant hills, felt the need of some dash of colour in the foreground, some sharp, contrasting note to bind the whole together. And while he was still revolving this problem in his mind, an aged beggar rashly asked for alms. Inasmuch as in those days beggars were of small use save to keep in practice the sword-arm of the mighty, this great-hearted king absent-mindedly swept off the beggar's head with a single stroke, sending a spurt of vivid crimson across the granite stepping-stones of the ford. This chance solution of his perplexity filled the king with joy. "Build the bridge here," he commanded the court carpenter, "of just the same colour as that stuff on the stones." Hence the sacred bridge of red lacquer which no foot may tread but that of the Mikado.

Now this story of the Nikko Bridge might be defined as a parable upon the artistic value of contrast. No matter what art or craft we practise, whether it be the painting of landscapes, or building of bridges, the decoration of tea-cups or the writing of novels, we cannot hope for fine results without invoking the aid of contrast—the dash of red to give tone and harmony to the greens and blues of nature, the touch of pathos that adds a deeper meaning to the sparkle of comedy, the grave-digger's

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jests that intensify the tragedy of Ophelia's death. Without contrast, we have no unit of measure, no criterion of size or distance or the flight of time, nothing to help the eye distinguish between a Giotto's Tower and a column of carved ivory, between a Mont Blanc and a cone of sugar. All cats are grey in the dark, says the proverb; all pictures are sombre if you paint in monochrome; all stories are boresome that chronicle the petty daily happenings of dull lives, without a touch of unforeseen joy or sorrow to shake them out of their rut. If you are content to be the apostle of the Uneventful, if you prefer to be a painter of grey cats, then you are a poor artist, with your eyes fast closed to the methods of nature. For nature uses contrast everywhere, and with a lavish hand, not counting the cost. Like the great-hearted king at Nikko Bridge, she, too, strikes off heads for the sake of a dash of colour. She sends a blighting frost throughout a whole countryside, to paint the fields and hillsides in crimson and gold. She draws a brush-stroke of flame across the darkness of night, and countless lives go up in the smoke of a forest fire or a burning city. There are no lives so turbulent that they do not have their hours of tranquillity, no habitations so secluded that the noise and rush of human progress will not sometimes reach them, no corner of the globe so isolated that love and jealousy, happiness and death, will not sooner or later find it out. And not only in the big, fundamental, universal truths of life do we find the law of contrast everywhere at work, but in the smaller, homelier details of daily routine. The petty failures of yesterday give an added zest to the success of to-day; the cloudy morning makes the afternoon sunshine fourfold more welcome; past illness and pain make present health an inestimable, heaven-sent boon.

This insistence upon the value of contrast would seem trite and purposeless were it not for the fact that it is so often lost sight of by makers of fiction. It is lack of contrast as often as any other cause that makes some novels impress you as dull and isolated and altogether out of the general drift of human movement, even though the action may take place in London or Paris or New York; while other novels, with their scene in a New England fishing village or a Western frontier town, give you a sense of their being a complete, well-rounded little cosmos in themselves. The fact is, that it is never enough in a novel to show you simply how certain people look and talk and live. To get the right perspective, you must know also something of the things they would never think of saying and doing, the phases of life from which their particular environment excludes them. It is often of more significance to know that a man has never ridden on a trolley car than that he can plough a field; to be told that a woman has never seen the inside of a theatre than that she always goes to church; to learn that a village has never been visited by a circus than that it is the seat of the annual county fair. In other words, it is only when a novelist begins to measure his men and women, his rural village or city street in terms of other streets and villages, other men and women from the outside world, that his picture takes form and proportion; only then that it gets the dash of colour which binds the whole together.

If we run over in our minds some of the admitted masterpieces of fiction, we shall see that the great novelists have always felt the necessity of emphasising this sense of contrast. Take, for instance, our old stand-by, Dumas: is not one of the charms of *The Three Guardsmen* due to the fact that we are made to see the adventurous life of the French capital, with its intrigues and its corruption, through the unsophisticated eyes of a young Gascon stranger? Take Hawthorne's *Marble Faun.* Is there another novel in the English language in which the effects of contrast are so numerous and so carefully balanced? You see Rome through Anglo-Saxon eyes; you measure American manners and customs by Roman standards; Donatello and ancient paganism are weighed in the balance against Hilda and the Christian faith. From whatever side you view it, *The Marble Faun* is a wonderful study in contrasting light and shadow. Or take again the typical English novel of manners, Miss Edgeworth's *Belinda* or Thackeray's

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Vanity Fair. In satirising the foibles and frailties of London life at the opening of the nineteenth century, Miss Edgeworth lets us behold them through the clear eyes of an unspoiled girl from the country. The author of *Vanity Fair* half a century later in like manner showed us the London of his day through alien eyes—the less innocent but equally clear-sighted green eyes of Becky Sharpe, who for all her trick of the downward glance took the measure of the fashionable world and matched her inborn wits against it.

But however essential contrast may be in fiction—contrast in form and colour, in character and plot—it is most effective when achieved without violence. The average author does not need to resort to the primitive brutality of cutting off heads in order to get his dash of pure vermilion. Since Poe first set the model, many a writer of average ability has worked up grim contrasts in fiction with the help of bloodshed. But it takes a Maupassant to evolve a tragedy that will wring the heart over so trivial an act as that of an old man picking up a bit of string from the dust of the road. As a good, safe working rule, the quieter methods are the better. Nature, as has been said, is spendthrift in her contrasts. But that is no reason for sinking a transatlantic steamer with all on board, or wiping out a populous city by earthquake just because the heroine's husband is scheduled to die in the twenty-third chapter. Apoplexy or pneumonia would be equally effective and far more convincing.

Of all the books this month, there is none which so strongly suggests the story of Nikko Bridge, both literally and symbolically, as *The Viper of Milan,* by Marjorie Bowen. Looking across the green Lombard valley at the fair city of Milan and the soft line of distant hills beyond, the author seems to have felt that here was need of a dash of highly coloured narrative across the centre of the scene to bind it all together into a spectacle which should rivet attention. And as she pondered on the problem, there came to her the memory of the beggared house of Della Scala, whose wrongs at the hands of Visconti, Duke of Milan, left a crimson trail along the valley of the Po. "Here," she seems to say, "I will build my bridge of words, and I will make them of the self-same colour as the stain upon Visconti's memory." It is not so much the clever blending of history and fiction which makes Miss Bowen's book remarkable; it is the rare atmosphere of reality which permeates it. There is about it something of the flavour of old Italian chronicles; and in the development of plot and the portrayal of character there is a grimness, a treachery, a gratuitous cruelty that paradoxically wins your credence. You tell yourself these things must have happened just as they are narrated; they are too inhuman, too diabolically ingenious to be fiction; only the brutal reality of the Middle Ages could have begotten them. The story opens shortly after the sack of Verona, in which Della Scala was supposed to have perished, and his wife, Isotta d'Este, was taken prisoner by Visconti, tyrant of Milan and murderer of his own father and mother. But Della Scala, as it happened, was not dead; and Miss Bowen's book chronicles his efforts to effect the rescue of his wife, the recovery of Verona and the ruin of Visconti—efforts that for a time bore brilliant fruits, but in the end brought him only defeat, dishonour, and the lifeless body of the woman for whom he betrayed his friends. And throughout the story the tragedy of it is accentuated by the contrast offered by the sunshine, the blue sky, the artistic charm of Italy.

"The Viper of Milan"

Another novel of the month which has Italy for a setting is *Paul,* by E. F. Benson, best remembered as the author of *Dodo.* Frankly, it is a purposeless book and an unpleasant one. Its interest suddenly drops at the half-way point, like an underdone loaf of cake, and what is meant to be its most solemn chapter is more apt to provoke a desire to laugh. Norah Ravenscroft would have married Paul Norris if her mother had not gambled away her money. As it was, she married Theodore Beckwith instead. Mr. Benson expects us to like Norris; he is just a strong, clean-limbed, clean-

"Paul"

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minded young Englishman, a good-natured, grown-up boy, and on the whole rather colourless. Beckwith, on the contrary, we are expected to dislike; he is a weak, undersized, obnoxious little animal, almost uncanny in his ability to gather strength and energy from those around him, sapping their vitality in a manner almost vampire-like. But unpleasant as he is, Beckwith has the merit of being original, and when, half way through the story, the author strikes off his head with a sweep of his pen, the interest of the book dies with him. A husband who is not only devoid of jealousy, but actually foresees that his wife is likely to fall in love with another man, and makes that man his secretary so as to secure his constant presence in the house, and amuse himself by watching the struggles of the luckless couple against their growing infatuation, is at least a novelty in fiction, although a rather morbid one. But after Paul has simplified the situation by running an automobile over Theodore, there follows a wearisome delay while Paul is mentally outgrowing his boyhood and becoming enough of a man to decide whether he really meant at the last moment to run over Theodore, and if he did mean to do so, whether it is his duty to confess to Norah that he is the murderer of her husband. And when he finally does muster up the courage to tell her, she just looks at him and intimates that she has known it all the time and loves him all the better for it. This ought to satisfy Paul, but it doesn't. He continues to feel that he ought to make some sort of atonement for his sin. The idea stays by him, even after he and Norah are married. But the dead Theodore has left behind him a constant reminder in the shape of an infant son; and after the manner of infants, it learns in time to use its feet, and one day manages to toddle away from its mother across the railway tracks, directly in the course of an oncoming express train. Paul knows at once that the hour for his atonement has come. He flings himself before the train, fishes Theodore's child from under the engine's wheels and tumbles headlong beyond the tracks. Then the train is gone, and Norah is saying to him, "You gave your life for the child. You gave it to Theodore!" And Paul answers in all seriousness, "Yes, at least I meant to." Mr. Benson must have lost the last vestige of that sense of humour which he apparently possessed when he wrote *Dodo*.

"The Breath of the Runners"

The Breath of the Runners, by Mary Mears, owes much of its strength to an appreciation of the value of contrast. There is, to begin with, the contrast of stage setting, the scene shifting from the art circles in New York to the studios in Rome and Paris. And secondly, there is a more significant contrast between the two principal characters in the story, two young women whose careers are traced from the hour when the ambition first comes upon them to study sculpture down through the years of toil and discouragement and uncertain progress until they work out their respective destinies. In her symbolic title the author would apparently say that the struggle for fame in art is like the desperate straining of runners in a race, whose breathing comes in quick, painful gasps as they press onward towards the goal. As in other races, there are among those who run for fame some who would win by foul means if not by fair, and others who count a clear conscience a higher victory. Such is the contrast between the natures of Beulah and Enid, the one deliberately flinging away a golden opportunity rather than take an unfair advantage of her friend; the other contemptibly creeping into Beulah's studio and wantonly destroying the patient work of months because she felt herself being distanced in the race. In the end it is the unscrupulous runner who reaches the goal, but only after passing through the gateway of death; while the other, who has been distanced on the path to fame, finds a truer contentment in a husband's love. There is much knowledge of the art world, much keen insight into the hearts of men and women, and no small amount of healthful philosophy of life in this unpretentious story, *The Breath of the Runners.*

Chippinge Borough, by Stanley J. Weyman, obtains its chief contrast by setting a placid, arcadian little romance

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against a stormy background of political strife. The historical colouring, painted in with the assured touch of Mr. Weyman's maturer method, gives us the England of the early Victorian days, the days when people were still content to travel by coach, the days of Lord Gray and the Reform Bill. There is, perhaps, nothing better in the book than the sense of tension everywhere prevailing on the eve of an election; the snatches of political argument, the acrimonious jibes and sneers, the suggestion of latent revolt, that any moment may burst forth in mob violence. Such is the moral atmosphere of the scene Mr. Weyman shows us on a bright, sunshiny, idyllic day, as the coach bowls along green English lanes, carrying young Vaughan down to Chippinge Borough to exercise his privilege of voting, little thinking that he himself is destined to be returned as the member from Chippinge Borough. In fact—and here is where the contrast comes in—Vaughan is not thinking of anything for the time being except of the simple grace of a young girl sitting next him on the coach—a young girl whom he never saw before, but whom he promises himself definitely not to lose sight of in the future. Now, in real life, aged beggars do not offer their heads to the knife every time that an artist is perplexed about his colouring; in real life the unknown young woman who occupies the adjacent seat on a coach or in a trolley car seldom turns out to be the missing daughter of the wealthy cousin whose rightful heir you had always supposed yourself to be. Yet no one may say that such things cannot happen; and if an author possesses Mr. Weyman's gift of plausibility, then out of such unlikely situations he can weave such a thoroughly readable story as *Chippinge Borough*. The romance begun so placidly is not an unbroken idyl. The rancour growing out of the Reform Bill for a time threatens to raise a lasting barrier. But after following hero and heroine through many a turbulent scene, culminating in the brutal Bristol riots, what you like best to remember as you lay the book aside is that coaching trip through a peaceful English landscape,

"Chippinge Borough"

with the electric tension of political storms all around them and the first sense of awakened emotion in their hearts.

In a criticism which draws upon Japan for its opening text, the inclusion of one story thoroughly Japanese in theme and treatment seems peculiarly apposite. Mrs. Mary McNeil Fenollosa is reputed to have an intimate knowledge of Japanese life and thought and customs. As in the case of all writers who lay their scenes in remote and exotic lands, her accuracy in detail must be taken largely on faith. But in its broad general effects, in the ultimate impression which it leaves upon the reader, her new book, *The Dragon Painter*, carries credence with it. You feel that a story of that peculiar quality could not have germinated in any brain that was not already more or less imbued with the Japanese mode of thought, the Japanese way of looking at things in general. There have been so many stories of the *Madame Butterfly* and *Madame Chrésanthème* type that whenever a new novel is announced as laying its scene in Japan, you take for granted that it deals once more with the same old problem of mismated marriages and disastrous racial intermixture. But *The Dragon Painter* has nothing in common with these stories; there is not a character in it that is not pure Japanese, not an action or motive that is not based upon Japanese custom and tradition. Now, in writing a story dealing wholly with an alien civilisation, the average writer finds himself beset with difficulties. He feels the need of at least one English character to act, as it were, the rôle of interpreter; to ask questions, to call attention to the peculiarities of manners and customs; in short, to serve us as a standard unit by which to measure the contrast in the mode of life. Mrs. Fenollosa obtains her measure of contrast in a far cleverer, far more natural manner; indeed, it is an integral part of her central plot. Kano Indara is the last of his race, an ancient race of mighty painters. All his art he has taught to his daughter, but at best she is only a woman. She never can carry on the great traditions of the line. But there comes to him a

"The Dragon Painter"

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rumour of a strange, mad painter who lives like a wild creature among the inland mountains, and, when the mood is on him, paints strange, weird, wonderful pictures of the visions that come to him when the forces of nature, the wind and storm and lightning, are raging unheeded around him. Believing that this wild mountain painter is the successor whom fate has ordained for him, Kano Indara summons him to Tokio. Nothing ever before has drawn Tatsu, the dragon painter, from his mountains; but now he comes, drawn by an instinct that in Tokio he is to find the beautiful Dragon Maiden of his visions—the Dragon Maiden whom he has so often painted in the fever of inspiration, and whom he now finds incarnate in Kano Indara's daughter, Umè-ko. To keep Tatsu in Tokio is like trying to cage and tame any other wild, undisciplined mountain creature. He knows nothing of the polite usages of society, nothing of the elaborate and complicated Japanese ceremonials. He lacks even a sense of the obligation of tradition, a sense of reverence for one's ancestors. Even his art he does not love for its own sake, but only as a means of satisfying his desire to give the Dragon Maiden a tangible form. Kano Indara's offers to teach Tatsu all the accumulated skill of a mighty line of painters, to adopt him, to make his name famous, fall on deaf ears. The mountains are calling Tatsu back, and on only one condition will he stay—namely, as the husband of Umè-Ko. But when the bargain is consummated and Umè-Ko is Tatsu's wife, he finds that he can no longer paint. His art was only an expression of an unattained desire; the possession of that desire has destroyed it. But Kano Indara is not only a great artist, but a wise and subtle old man as well, and he does not mean to be balked of his hope of a successor. If the possession of Umè-Ko has robbed Tatsu of his inspiration, then, he argues, Tatsu must be deprived again of Umè-Ko. And the relentless purpose with which Kano Indara puts his theory into practice is the theme which gives the book its chief strength and pathos.

The contrast offered in Will Payne's *When Love Speaks* is that between two different standards of civic honour. Winthrop Holmes, the ambitious young district attorney of Sauganac, sets an absolute standard; he does not know the meaning of the word compromise; he will not admit of any excuse, any claim of friendship, family or party loyalty, to swerve him from strict duty in the punishment of bribery and graft. David Donovan understands and admires this standard, but he cannot follow it. It conflicted with the inborn traditions of his race. He had grown up among the crowd of petty, unscrupulous politicians who frequented the bar of his father's hotel; as a mere boy he had been initiated into the methods of the "big game," and although he had raised himself gradually above his class, he could not shake off the old ties, the old way of looking at life, the old fashion of meeting the world gaily, "with a ready, practical, undelicate competence." This is the man with whom Louise Holmes, the sister of the lofty-minded district attorney, falls in love; yet even after she marries him she still regards him as something of a "Red Indian;" she cannot quite forget that he does not share her scruples about buying votes and stealing ballot boxes. Sooner or later it is inevitable that the two will clash seriously, because David is in a position to give Winthrop Holmes just the inside information he needs to convict the "men higher up," and this is precisely what David's standard of civic honour will not permit him to do, even though his refusal should cost him his brother-in-law's friendship and his wife's love. The problem of the book, as implied in the title, of course, is whether, whenever the inevitable clash comes, the voice of love will speak strongly enough to outweigh the voice of the wife's inherited convictions. It is worked out with Mr. Payne's usually strong grasp of the affairs of men and the emotions of women.

"When Love Speaks"

The Plow Woman, by Eleanor Gates, is a capital story, in spite of an indulgence in contrast amounting almost to an abuse. The scene is northern Dakota, in the days when buffalo were not yet rare, nor the "prairie schooner" extinct; days

"The Plow Woman"

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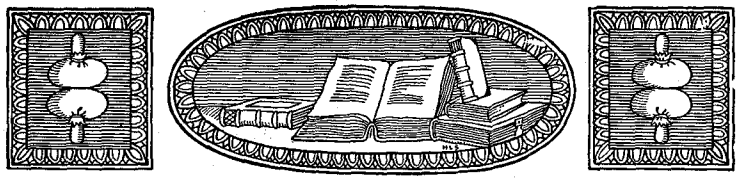
when Indian outrages, growing more and more frequent, were about to culminate in the Custer massacre. To Dallas Lancaster the whole landscape is one great, constant, joyous contrast; for all her girlhood has been passed on an arid *mesa* far to the south, amid the thorny mesquite of western Texas. It was only after her mother died and her father, a section boss on a spur of railway track, had been brought home with both legs permanently crippled, that they hitched their two lean old mules to their rickety old wagon and journeyed northward to a more fertile region. The picture of the rude life of the pioneer, the motley crowd of miners, cattlemen, adventurers, Indians, hostile and peaceful, gamblers and missionaries, passes before us in a vivid, convincing, constantly shifting panorama. The strong interest of the book centres, of course, in the girl, Dallas, cheerfully doing a man's work at the plow on the small claim which may be wrested from her on a mere technicality; bravely stifling her fears, though she knows that the man who would take the land from her has enlisted the Indians in his behalf; and hardest of all, patiently bearing the unjustifiable temper of her crippled father, who turns from his door the man she loves and the officers of the neighbouring who would have provided much needed protection. But quite apart from the main story, there are just two episodes which almost any novelist might feel a thrill of satisfaction to have written. One is the description of sufferings from cold and hunger, where a family are imprisoned by a blizzard, without food or fuel. The second is the dramatic scene in which Squaw Charlie, an unfortunate Indian who became an outcast and general drudge of his tribe because he once weakened and cried out under torture, at last redeems himself in an exhibition of splendid courage and self-sacrifice. One envies Miss Gates the privilege of having created the character of Squaw Charlie.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



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THE STOOPING LADY*

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH WE PLACE THE HEROINE.

N the 21st of January, 1809, Miss Hermia Mary Chambre and her brother, Ensign Richard—as the Countess of Morfa's chariot brought them for the first time to Caryll House, St. James's, within those great gates, into that gravelled court where the statue of a late earl stands and admonishes London†—on this day, and on the very threshold of this Sanctuary of the Constitution, Miss Chambre, I say, and her brother, a beautiful and healthy girl of twenty and a fine young man of rather less, were witnesses to a disagreeable incident, a vulgar brawl and scuffle, calling for the interference of the police.

Orphans, Irish by a deplorable father's side, and therefore in special need of grace, this was the grace they got. Recalled within the pale of Family—that Family which their poor mother had forsworn—they were to see Family put to the blush. A rout of satyrs—a boors' comedy—in which an incensed young giant of the lower classes was hero and two tipsy gentlemen the sport of his heroics; in which Jacob Jacobs, elderly, gold-laced guardian of the gates, was choragus; in which footmen in canary yellow and powder, a groom of the chambers, a butler hovering for the carriage, took their cues from him, and waited, lifted their eyes to Heaven, wagged their polls, called for constables as he guided them with agitated hands. Beyond them and around them—with a ring scrupulously kept for the "turn-up"—surged and thundered the mob, intent only on the play, with raucous cries directed solely to that, with eyes afire for the rules of the great game. "Time! Time!" "Let my lord get his wind—Now they're at it—a mill, a mill!—ding-dong!" "What, you'll rush it, my lord? By God, that's stopped him!" "Six to one on the butcher—I lay." "Keep the ring, gentlemen, please—fobbed him fairly—gone to grass!" It was, indeed, at this crowning moment, when one gentleman lay bleeding on his back, and the other, slighter gentleman, "spitfiring like a tomcat," it was afterwards averred, struggled fruitlessly to escape the enemy's grasp of his coat-collar—that the family chariot of the Morfas loomed heavily at the far end of Cleveland Row and, advancing, displayed to the eyes of our young lady and her brother one of the sights of London—as they no doubt supposed it. Hardly seeing what certainly was not fit to be seen, no doubt for a second of time those startled

†As this monument has now been removed, I feel bound to record the inscription which it bore, long though it be.

ON
This Spot
where formerly stood
CARYLL HOUSE
and where
on the Fourteenth of October
1688
The Right Honourable
RUPERT
Fourth Earl of Morfa Viscount Wrest
Baron Rhos and Ruegg K.C. Lord Lieutenant
and Custos Rotulorum of Flintshire etc. etc.
Returned Public Thanksgiving
to
Almighty God
For the Declaration of His Majesty
King William III
That truly Constitutional Monarch
and
FATHER of his COUNTRY
This Statue
Has been erected by his admiring
Descendants to record for the
Admiration and Instruction
of
MANKIND
His Patriotism his Piety
and
His Prescience.

The lapidary has, in a pardonable enthusiasm, perhaps magnified his Lordship's act. What he is stated to have done upon the occasion recorded is to have slapped his thigh and said, "Thank God, we've dished the Tories!"

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eyes of hers gazed upon the havoc, and upon the flushed young Saxon, bareheaded and fairheaded, the hero of it—a noticeable young man performing noticeable feats with gentlemen. No doubt but that she, too, was gazed upon in her turn, and that that second of time seemed by seconds too long. These encounters of the eyes stay by one, though in this case there were sights to come. Within the gates lay another—a dead horse, weltering from the issue of a terrible wound; whereat, indeed, the bright-eyed Miss Chambre shrieked and clung to her brother, and he, after one sagacious look, said, "Staked, Hermy," and then, "Poor devil. So that was the meaning of it."

And thus 1809, thus London, thus England and Caryll House arrayed themselves to greet two young Carylls (by the mother's side) very newly from Ireland. A mob at the Gates! A dead and mangled horse within the Precincts! A tipsy gentleman scruffed by a butcher's man! The scene was significant. As the French would say, It was 1809.

The arrival of the carriage brought order back to the shattered wits. The canary-breeched footmen aligned in the vestibule, the groom of the chambers mounted the inner steps, the butler hovered for shawls. Servants of the Chambre pair—Gibson, a red-cheeked maid, and Simcox, a red-haired valet, descended from the rumble; Ensign Chambre, tall, slim, and lady-faced, got out and handed out his sister. "Here we are, my dear—Caryll House. What a shindy, eh? Let's get out of it all." But that was not possible to her.

"Oh, Dick, the poor horse—no, no! We must find out something. We can't possibly——" She turned to the butler, half in and half out of the carriage, collecting wraps. "What has happened? Who killed the horse? Who were those people? Please let me know." The butler's head and shoulders came from the interior, deprecating inquiry; his hand humoured his chin. He really could not say; it was hardly for him to say. Perhaps her ladyship—but he would inquire. Before he could reach that last refuge of Secretaries of State and butlers alike, Miss Chambre had turned to the powdered array. "Did any one see what it was? Was any one present? Surely something was known?" The giants stiffened and stared; one was seen to blush, and another betrayed, by a slight twitching of the fingers, that this was the most awkward moment of his life. Miss Chambre's eyes, which were grey and very clear, insisted on response; they had to be met. And so confused mutterings were heard, as one giant looked at the other, as deep calleth unto deep. She caught the words—"His lordship"—"young Vernour"—"thirty-guinea 'oss"—"no take-off for an 'oss," and "lashed 'isself into strips." She was young, she was impatient, and used to obedience. She stamped her foot.

"It's very extraordinary that nobody seems able to speak here. I don't understand it at all." Then she turned flashing upon the careworn butler. "Whose is that horse?"

"I believe—they tell me, miss—it is young Vernour's horse."

"Oh! And who is he?" The butler looked sideways.

"He's the butcher, miss."

"Oh, then that was he—that young man——"

"Yes, miss."

"And who were the other two, the two cowards attacking him?"

But the butler's agony was now for all to see.

"I really—it's not for me, miss—but I'll inquire."

"Oh! Inquire!" She stamped again. Her brother was appealed to. Dick must go and find out; she insisted on knowing what was the matter; and while Dick stalked out to do her commands she chose to wait, tapping her foot in the vestibule, quite regardless of the canary-coloured giants about her, of hovering butler or groom of the chambers at his post. She had had no great experience of these gentry; she had lived in Ireland all her twenty years, and certainly her poor, pretty, helpless mother, Lady Hermione, whose runaway match with Colonel Chambre—Handsome Dick, Dick of the Gallop, and what-not—had been productive of little comfort besides these two children, certainly her mother had not been able to show her any such state. Why, except for McFinn—coachman in boots by

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day, footman in slippers by night—and the maids—three of them—there had been no indoor service at Chambre's Court. But there may have been traditions, and, of course, there was blood, to go upon. She had her Norman prerogative, *sa haulte franchise,* by the mother's side; and these stockinged emblems were so much furniture to her—now that she had found out that they could not pretend to be men. Not so to Gibson, her red-cheeked maid—but apparitors, wielders of the torture of silence and suspense. Gibson told her young mistress afterwards what she had endured in those awful moments of arrival. "If one of them yallows, Miss Hermy, had advanced a leg or put forth a finger, I should have died with the scream in my throat—so lifelike they was." One sees what she meant.

When Dick did return, he looked bothered.

"I can't make much of it out. They all talk at once. There was a row with a butcher about his horse—good horse, too—I could see that for myself. Somebody's been riding it, and staked it. Some gentleman, they say—or, at least, he thought so." Here he grew grave, reserved, made himself as old as he knew. "They *say*—but I don't know anything about that. The horse is dead, the fellow's gone to gaol. The two gentlemen will prosecute. Their servants are with them, I believe. At any rate, they've been sent for. They weren't seriously hurt, either of them. I say, Hermy, I do think we might go in—now, you know."

But Miss Hermia had opened her eyes and wouldn't budge.

"To prosecute, my dear! To prosecute the butcher! How can they prosecute him for staking his own horse?"

"You don't understand me. He didn't stake the horse. I thought I had made that clear."

She did not choose to see. "Very well, then, I suppose they will prosecute him for owning a horse at all. Is that what you mean?"

Dick put on his Ensign's manner—his last refuge against this sort of attack. "Why, you see, my love, it is rather an awkward business. The fellow began it. Of course, the whole affair might have been settled if he had taken it reasonably."

"Reasonably!" Really, for a girl only two years his senior, she caught him up. "How do you take a staked horse reasonably?"

"My dear child, this fellow had hold of a gentleman—of a peer, they say—by the collar, and gave the other no end of a smack in the nose. Well, you know, you can't have that, can you?"

Miss Chambre, after staring at her brother for a trying moment, turned her back upon him, and walked up the array to the house. She threw him a Parthian shot. "You can have what you deserve—and be called a gentleman—and not take it like a gentleman—or so it seems."

Dick followed her nervously. He knew his sister, but he knew more. He knew the names of the two gentlemen; she must never get at them, whatever happened. But he had his birthright in him, too. "One was a peer, remember—and the other a peer's eldest son. I can't say any more. And they were both drunk—you ought to remember that." She marched on.

"Pooh!" she threw at him, "I don't believe you. And if it's true, it makes it all horrible."

"They were drunk as owls," says Ensign Dick.

"As pigs, you mean," flung back the lady.

The groom of the chambers mutely implored—his long, white face was a study in the tragic: that of a good man contending with circumstances. He turned the handle of a door. "Miss Chambre, my lady. And Ensign Chambre."

At the further end of a long and dimly lighted room, full of pictures and cut-glass chandeliers and high-backed chairs, there was to be seen Grandmamma Morfa, the withered, the eagle-faced, crutch in hand, enthroned before a sea-coal fire.

Miss Chambre stepped lightly forward. She walked as young women do who have been free of moor and heather all their lives, carrying her head high. "How do you do, Grandmamma Morfa?" she said, and took up the white old hand to kiss.

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"The better for the sight of you, my dear," said the great lady, like the wolf in the fable.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH WE BRING HER INTO PLAY.

Miss Hermia had the better of her brother in wits as well as in years, and at tongue-work he had never pretended to touch her, even when he had been freer than he was now—with no Ensign's commission burning in his breast-pocket and hobbling every step he took, so to speak, with reminded dignity. Lady Morfa may not have been entertained, but could not fail to have been instructed by her granddaughter's vivacious narrative of the voyage from Kilbride. She said little, not being herself ever very free of speech, but she listened to every word, and at the end of it, as will be seen at the end of this chapter, proved that she had learned something. It would not have been Miss Hermia's fault if she had not.

It had been, then, a stormy crossing, but a quick one, with a following wind. She had not been ill in the least, had been on deck all the time, in oilskins lent her by the captain; only her hair had got wet—nothing else. But that had been drenched—like seaweed—and had had to be dried before the inn fire at Holyhead. That place had been full of people drinking brandy-and-water; they, too, had been very kind, making room for her while she knelt and dried her hair. They offered her brandy and water; she got some bread and milk. Simcox and poor, dear Gibson had been dreadfully ill—prostrate! Simcox said that never, in his born days—but she here perceived that Lady Morfa took no interest in Simcox or his days, and pursued her own adventures. What did grandmamma think? It was rather a wet morning, but not very; so she and Dick rode *outside* the coach, and put the servants inside. It had been the greatest fun—they saw the dawn, but not in England as they had hoped, for they were still in Wales. The coachman was very kind. He told the guard that Dick was "a bit o' blood," and the guard had said, "Bless your life, that liquor's bound to show"—wasn't that fun? It was three in the morning when they were off, and not a soul out of bed, once past the inn-yard.

She touched but lightly on the landscape, flashed upon by the coach-lamps and swiftly blotted out; slumbrous villages, shaly banks, lanes endless and tortuous, strong ascents and breakneck gallops down into blackness, gaunt finger-posts to hidden ways—a chance-caught "To Chester," another "To Carnarvon," and then "To Ruthin," where lay, she knew, Morfa Mawr, the cradle and chief seat of all the Carylls—dripping trees, rivers, narrow bridges. She had lived through the dark upon these, but they were not for her tongue to tell of. Nor, when the five dark hours had been past, and with the pale winter sun striving with the rain, they had looked out upon the heart of Wales—and there was Ogwen Lake, all black under the storm-cloud, and all that litter and slide so shining wet under the splintered mountain: a quarry of slate! Not for her untried speech all this. She spoke rather of their fellow passengers, and as one who knew them well; the young usher for Rugby, with a painful catch in his breath, who had shown her the portrait of his mother; the sea-captain homing to wife and child at Wem; the wine-merchant whose head had nodded onto her shoulder, and whose apologies had been so frequent and profound; and lastly, and with fervour, she told of Mr. Aloysius Banks. Kind! He had been more than kind—he had gone out of his way to be kind—and had accompanied them to London.

"Do you mean," asked Lady Morfa here, "that this—ah, person—was going out of his way when he came on to London?"

Miss Hermia was not so innocent as to fail to understand what Lady Morfa meant by a "person."

"He's not a person—what you would call a person—grandmamma, at all. And, of course, he lives in London. I am surprised that you don't know him—indeed, he told me that you did. He had met you at Lady Crowland's, he said. He was able to do you some trifling service. You bowed. There can be no mistake. Mr. Aloysius Banks, an Edinburgh Reviewer."

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Grandmamma may have meant to name Mr. Banks a personage, but did not look as if she had. She denied his acquaintance. Miss Chambre sketched him free-hand.

He was extraordinarily ugly, and seemed to feel the cold. His eyebrows looked very odd when the rime was thick upon them. He wore a plaid scarf so tightly round his neck that Dick had said, and she could not but agree, that he looked like a skull tied up in crossbones. He had been snappish at first, but they had done their best to make him happier, and she believed they had succeeded. Nobody could have been kinder than he. He was a poet and critic—most severe—but that was forced upon him. He was a Whig, of course; and he said that all the ministerial poets, and, above all, the Jacobin poets, were so deplorably bad that he felt it his duty to be stringent. He had been charged, he said, but unjustly charged, with having caused one young man to die of mortification, or (as he hoped it might be said) of remorse. Mr. Banks denied it, but said that he hoped that he should never shrink from his duty to the Constitution, however painful that duty might be. He had the profoundest respect for the Constitution, and for great families. Anecdotes! He had one for every fine house he passed. There was Sir Tancarville Tancarville's: he had married his cook. Stokeheaton's mansion reminded him of a very sad affair—how young Lord Wilmer had called out Colonel Despard, and how the Colonel had shot him; Mr. Banks had to be excused the reason. Then there had been Lady Diana Meon, who ran away with——

"And we saw Wolseley Hall, grandmamma, where papa had often stayed, with Sir Charles. They saw the fall of the Bastille together, you know—but I forgot! You didn't agree with papa about that. Nor did Mr. Banks, by any means." Lady Morfa considered that that was the best thing she had heard of Mr. Banks so far; but she did not say so. She was learning this free-spoken granddaughter of hers.

On the whole, it seemed that Mr. Banks was at his best upon the subject of noble birth and what he called "Franchise."

Lady Morfa took Mr. Banks's charms as best she might. She went so far as to ask what the gentleman had been pleased to say of herself, and accepted with grim acquiescence a tribute to that combination in her ladyship's person of exalted birth and enlightened principles which set England, our happy country, apart from all European nations. If her granddaughter did not report him exactly, that is what he had said. Miss Chambre remembered also how he had praised Mr. Fox, the Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire, Lord Lansdowne, Lords Grey and Grenville. Lord Crowland he was proud to call his Mæcenas. All this should have endeared him to Lady Morfa, for all these were her allies; but she was staggered with what followed. Miss Hermia, owning that she knew nothing of these gentlemen, had asked him concerning others—"friends of papa's"—with less happy results. "When I asked him," she said, "if he had known Lord Edward, he said, 'Good God!' and had no more to say."

"I don't wonder," said Lady Morfa, and, like Mr. Banks, said no more; for Lord Edward could only be Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom she was accustomed to describe as "that little renegade who married the Frenchwoman," and who signified for her the three things in this world most detestable to her—enthusiasm, slackness of fibre, and treachery. She kept a keen ear for Miss Hermia's chatter after that; but all went passably well until the end.

"And so, grandmamma, we got to London at last, and met the carriage, and oh! I must tell you of a most disagreeable thing—which I think you ought to know about."

Out it came, the whole of it, and Lady Morfa bristled and stiffened as she heard. A staked horse! The battle at the gates! The ring, the prostrate gentleman. "Dick tells me he was a gentleman, but I can't believe that. He was tipsy and one of two. The other I couldn't see, because the butcher had him by the coat-collar; he was tipsy, too, and, Dick says, a peer. He was using very bad language, but couldn't possibly get away. The butcher was a splendid young man." And then, she added, "His eyes give him that proud

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look. I mean that they see you, and see that you are nothing."

"You are talking sad rubbish, my dear," said Lady Morfa with decision. "What's all this? I've heard nothing of it."

Dick Chambre, very red and uncomfortable, put in his word. "I don't think it need disturb you, ma'am. It was some vulgar attack. They sent for the constables, and, no doubt, it's all over. I think Hermy was upset."

If she was, it became her. It gave her starry eyes and a colour of flame; it lifted her head and gave a thrill to her voice. "No one can bear injustice," she said. "It's horrible. Oh, grandmamma, what do you think? They've taken the man to prison because they staked his horse. Why, papa would have—Oh, grandmamma, what can we do?"

Lady Morfa, after blinking and working her tightened lips, put an end to the conversation. "We can do a number of things, my dear, and one of them is to refrain from discussing subjects of which we know little or nothing. If you will kindly ring the bell, I'll have you shown your rooms. I'm an old woman, as you see, and not above owning when I'm tired. Ring the bell, my child."

Miss Hermia was taken in convoy by the housekeeper; but Ensign Dick remained to show his commission, for which he had to thank his grandmother, to talk of the Army of Portugal, which he was soon to join, of the levee, of uniforms, of his horses, and other glories of youth. He was a simple, well-spoken lad, much to her ladyship's taste. She liked young men to be good-looking, to call her "ma'am," and to agree with her. These were Caryll qualities; and she could manage the Carylls, or, at least, had never met with one whom she could not. Dick Chambre proved no exception, and with his help she flattered herself that she could deal with the girl. The girl was Chambre—that was evident; but Lady Morfa meant to do her duty by her. What was this wild story of the butcher's horse? What had Dick to say about that? The unhappy Dick had much to say which nothing would have induced him to reveal. That she guessed; therefore, after letting him flounder and blush into incoherence, she gave him his orders. "My dear boy, it's clear that you have great good sense. These vulgar things are not to be wondered at in the time we live in; insubordination, however, must be checked. I remember that I speak to a soldier. Your sister is excited because she is tired. To-morrow she will have forgotten all about it. Give her my love and say that I shall excuse her at dinner to-night. Let her have her sleep out—she shan't be called in the morning. And let us have no more talk of fighting butchers and their horses. Truly, a 'splendid' young man! Remember, Richard, we must have no more wild speeches. And the less of your Mr. Aloysius Banks the better. Progers will show you your quarters if you ring. You will find your man, no doubt." So away with Ensign Richard and his commission.

But her ladyship had more to do. After a time of bleak survey of the fire, she rang her handbell. Progers, the careworn butler, the velvet-footed, came in.

"Ah, Progers," said the lady, "has his lordship returned?"

"Yes, my lady. His lordship has returned. His lordship have asked me to say that he is feeling himself indisposed, and will not dine."

"No, no. I will see his lordship presently. Has Dr. Noring been sent for?"

"Dr. Noring is here, my lady. He is with his lordship."

"Very well. That will do, I think. And—ah, Progers——"

"My lady?"

"There was, I understand, a disagreeable scene this afternoon. Vernour, the butcher, was concerned in it."

"Yes, my lady." Progers of the furrowed brow!

"Let orders be given that Vernour is not to call again for custom. Let that be done at once. And let there be no talking about this, if you please. Miss Chambre was greatly upset by the affair. I don't wish anything said to Miss Chambre—or to anybody in the house. Understand that, Progers."

"Very good, my lady."

Dr. Noring reported that the young Earl of Morfa was suffering from a severe shock to the nervous system, and

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must have rest. The low diet could do no harm; but rest was imperative.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH, IF YOU PLEASE, YOU MAY CONTEMPLATE HER FAMILY.

It is possible that the annals of the politicians may enshrine the person of a stauncher Whig than that of Jane (born Botetort) Countess of Morfa, but if they do I have never heard of it. It is highly improbable; she was not only all that a Whig should be, she was all that he could ever be and remain a man. She was a Whig of the Whigs, dotting all the *i's* in the sacred words *British Constitution;* she was Whiggism incarnate, for she added character to principle, and what she professed, that she was. Where Mr. Fox had doubted, she had affirmed; where Lord Crowland shook his head, she shook her fist; where my Lord Grey was tempted to inquire, she held her nose. Thus she was the sublimity of the Whig position, which was not one of compromise, but of despair. For the Whigs took kings into favour, not because they were estimable, but because without them the families could not govern; and though many of them may have believed it, and some may have said it, I know of none to whom it was so much bone of the bone as to Lady Morfa, of none who said it so stoutly and lived it so hard as she did.

In 1809, when we first make her acquaintance, she was in her seventieth year, and the twentieth of her widowhood; she had married all her daughters —one of them, Miss Chambre's mother, had, to be sure, done that for herself—and was still queen of Caryll House, St. James's, and of all the Caryll Castles and demesnes, until such time as Earl Roderick, her only son and her last-born, should marry into Family and reign alone. In person she was thin, not tall, and very much like an eagle, with a nose sharp, bony, and prominent, with eyes black, hard and deeply set, which were capable of unswerving, unblinking, and rather terrible scrutiny of persons and things. She could blink them, too, bitterly, when she chose; and her lips, which were thin, had a way of twitching very elfin to behold. Lastly, she stooped to a crutch, called you "My dear," said exactly what she pleased, never concealed her opinions, and was absolutely candid as to her tastes, which were coarse, and her dislikes, which were three. I have mentioned them before: enthusiasm, slackness of fibre, and treachery to Family. These things really disgusted, and one of them really shocked her. Have I spoken of her religion? She was punctilious in that matter, for she was, of course, an Erastian. It was a question of drill.

I find that I have very little to say of the young Earl Roderick, her son. Born late, he had grown up sickly and passably vicious. He was twenty-five years old, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, a Knight of the Garter, and unpopular. Up to the time when this tale begins he had done nothing commendable, and a good deal of which I shall be charitably silent. He had the reputation of being niggardly, and Mr. Sheridan is said to have hated him. The two things are by no means incompatible, and are very likely connected.

But I want to direct your attention to the Chambre connection, which is of serious moment to you who read, and was the heaviest blow ever dealt at the doughty Countess of Morfa. Miss Chambre was in this positon: Lady Morfa was her grandmother and practically her owner for a term of years yet to come. Colonel Chambre, her father, had never had a shilling, not even on the day when he ran off with Lady Hermione Caryll, her mother, made a Scots marriage of it, and prepared to be happy; but that Lady Hermione had had some thousand pounds a year in her own right. When Colonel Chambre died, in 1807, his widow was not long in following him—and yet she was not soon enough for his children's liberties. For between his death and her own, my Lady Morfa interposed a dictatorship, spending a year in Ireland for the purpose, with the result that Lady Hermione disposed of her thousand as follows: Dick, her son, was to have half when he came of age. If he died unmarried, his portion was to be added to the other. But Hermia's share and contingency were not to be hers until she was five-and-twenty, or married with the con-

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sent of her grandmother. If she died under that age, or married after the fashion of her mother, her five hundred, or whatever more she might have, was to return into the coffers of the Carylls, whence it came. The money was paltry enough, but the tutorship was not—and that was what Lady Morfa was after. She did not intend, if she could help it, that Hermione's girl should grow up either a pure fool like her mother, or a fool adulterated with knave, as she was convinced Colonel Chambre, her father, must have been. He was a man whom she as heartily despised as she heartily hated; and certainly, from her point of view, the Colonel's record was not comfortable. He was both enthusiastic and a traitor to Family. He could only have had one other vice—and Lady Hermione had that, poor soul!

Colonel Richard Chambre—Dick, handsome Dick, Firebrand Dick, Dick of the Gallop, all these things they called, who loved, him—was a cadet of a good English house settled in Ireland in the planting times. As a boy he had read as he rode, as a young man in the —th Foot, if he had a sword in his right hand he had a book in his left. Yet he served with distinction in the American War, got his step rapidly and with dash, and might have risen high, but for two things. At Charleston he came to love Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and it was a fault (I suppose) of his nature to desire to be that which he loved. Hence he found himself sympathising with the rebels, and as good as a rebel himself. Tom Paine did the rest for him. There was no half-way house for the likes of Handsome Dick; he broke his sword, he threw up his commission; they say that it was Lord Edward—with a bright eye on France—who persuaded him not to bear arms against his own blood in a quarrel whose issue was certain, but to keep them unrusted, rather, against the time coming. But for that he would either have settled in America or died for the Americans. As things were, he returned to Europe with his beloved friend, with him in due course went into France, improved acquaintance with Tom, and shared in the great design of remaking Britain as the Rights of Man demanded. His English adventures were not happy, as revolutionaries conceive of happiness. The last king was not hanged in the entrails of the last priest; no blood was shed, but quantities of ink; even the honours of an indictment for sedition were denied him. He consorted with Godwin, and found him squalid, with Mr. Tooke, and thought him unpardonably dry. However, from that gentleman's house at Wimbledon he did concoct a private adventure, with danger in it, excitement, and, as it turned out, with fruit. From Wimbledon it was that he rode into London on a still summer's night in 1788, tethered his horse, scaled the wall of Caryll House garden, and affixed to it a rope-ladder. At the stroke of midnight pretty Lady Hermione, all blushes, terrors and fluttered heart, fell panting into his arms. He had met her, it seems, but three times in his life, had loved her at sight, and found means to make her love him. He helped her over the wall, put her up behind him, and galloped away to Finchley and an awaiting carriage. Dick of the Gallop—this feat was the occasion of the nickname. At Carstairs, in Scotland, he proclaimed her his before God and the innkeeper's family; he took her to Roscommon and his house of Chambre's Court; and next year Hermia Mary was born into the world—a daughter of debate—one hundred and one years to a day since Rupert Earl of Morfa had thanked God publicly for the British Constitution.

The subsequent feats of Galloping Dick did nothing to reconcile him to his mother-in-law. He went back to France, and (Lady Morfa believed) procured the fall of the Bastille; he showed himself in England in 1794, and was only saved from the High Treason trials of that year by the fact that he was full of schemes for a rebellion in Ireland. The failure of that, its tragic absurdity, its treacheries, hidings, women's clothes, and bedside arrests, above all, the death in delirium of the adored and adorable little incendiary at the heart of it, went near to breaking Chambre's own heart, and quite broke his spirit. He galloped no more, but cultivated his few acres, bred foxhounds, and gave his children of his best. Hermia Mary (as he always called her) was his favourite; I believe he told her everything

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he had ever done—and he might well do that, for he had no reason to blush for his misdeeds. He had ever been too ardent to have time for rakehelling; he ate vegetables and drank water with his wine. Towards the end of his life he took to prophecy, stroking his girl's hair or playing gently with her hand. He had hopes that she would in her person justify all that he had loved and served in the world. Should she, the child of Privilege, show Privilege powerless, before the Rights of Man! That was his prophecy. "I see you a woman grown, my child; I see you a lover. Manhood—womanhood—and the call of the heart between; you will never be false to that. Love worthily, love well, love the best. Love truth, love justice, my Hermia Mary; hate like the devil those three children of his—Cant, False Privilege and Treachery to the Truth that is in you." Pretty sentiments these for a man to die in, connected by marriage with the House of Caryll! Pretty for Jane Countess of Morfa to see the fire of them still smouldering in this girl's grey eyes. But there it was, though guarded, when that beaked great lady came to Roscommon in 1807.

She came in her chariot and four, like an eagle that had scented carrion from afar and had swooped directly the watchers had departed. Pretty, tearful Lady Hermione—if she were a watcher—had resigned without a struggle to the tearing of her entrails; young Dick, a more delicate image of his father, fair-haired, slim, and falcon-like as he had been, swallowed his ensigncy and became a noble Whig; but Hermia Mary kept an open mind. She, too, had something of her father—his hot colouring and his dark, grey eyes—but in all else resembled the Carylls. She had their dark tresses, their easy carriage, bold voice and imperious judgments; she was afraid of nobody, and always spoke the truth. All these things commended her to her grandmother, who loved her order, loved beauty, and loved courage, even when displayed at her own expense. This girl fulfilled all her loves; she had remarkable beauty of face and person, she showed Family to the finger-tips; and she had wit. Lady Morfa left Ireland full of promises; Dick was to have his Ensigncy—that would get rid of Dick; but Hermia Mary was to be brought out in London, a Caryll beauty and a Caryll heiress—she would see to that. The times were hopeful. The old king was known to be incurable, the Prince would be Regent. His friends were her friends. There would be a Whig administration, and—here we see the finger of Providence—a child of the House of Caryll would again be Maid of Honour, as she had not been since 1689. Thus Lady Morfa conceived that the gods of England would dispose and govern the hearts of princes whom the Whigs had set up. One might credit them with more grandiose designs; but there is a story of an Eastern mystic which is to the point.

This enthusiast, they say, chose out for himself a place in the desert under a palm-tree; and lying there supine and entirely naked, concentrated his sight upon his own navel, and at last, after some thirty years' toil, had the reward of seeing the whole wheeling order of the Cosmos—all Time and all Existence—centred and revolving there. And whether your Whig statesman hide himself behind the ramparts of the British Constitution and its spiky frieze of privilege, or within the walls and double gates of Caryll House, St. James's, he is apt to mistake Providence for the gardener, and to see in the soft-footed messengers of his chambers Angels and Ministers of Destiny.

When Hermia Mary left Ireland it was said that she had emptied the county of its most beautiful woman. It may well be so. I have seen her portrait by Lawrence, which gives a face of high seriousness and rich hues of carmine, ivory, and dark brown. Her figure is certainly exquisite, her hair like a sable cloud. Her rivals in Dublin, and afterwards in London, used to say that she had too much composure for a *débutante*. They all implied by that that she had her own ideas.

(*To be continued*)

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AL-AZHAR THE BRILLIANT

THE SPIRITUAL HOME OF ISLAM

IN the very centre of the native quarter of Cairo, reached by tortuous meandering byways, stands Al-Azhar the Brilliant. Hard to find, as if put away from the vulgar gaze, with no attempt to make its beauty or its extent tell upon the imagination, is situate the great school of Mohammedan theology, the spiritual home of Islam. It wields no authority but that which a free assent of the Mohammedan world confers upon it. From every corner of that world students flock thither; from furthermost Asia to southernmost Africa—perhaps one of the few signs of the unity of the faith preached by the Arabian prophet so many centuries ago. From every class of men, from every shade of colour, from pauper even unto prince, all are there—one of the few remaining marks of democracy in Islam. Verily, the prophet was right: in the embracing arms of his faith all distinctions are effaced, all diversity blotted out. As I carefully threaded my way through the crowded groups of kneeling, crouching and lying forms, I could catch a sense of the power they must feel in so much greater a degree—as well the teachers as the taught. For behind the seeming calm of Oriental quiet there burned the intense fire of an absolute conviction. Beneath the stolid manner of exquisite politeness there glowed the certainty of a God-given law. Even in lighter moments, when the stern rigour of study is relaxed, anything beyond the level tones of ordinary conversation is rapidly repressed. It is this sense of an all-pervading earnestness that fills Al-Azhar the Brilliant with an awe-inspiring reverence. The little children in some parts of the outer courtyard over their Alif-va-jim, the older ones knotted together within the mosque itself over their Koran or their grammar, exhibit the one common feature—intense earnestness. They rock themselves to and fro in furious, nay, ferocious, study; learning by rote, it is true, but exercising the memory to do these feats of prodigious learning which our printed and note-book erudition has driven from the field; the ring of students squatting themselves around the teachers, intent upon his every word; no marking system, no grading, no show commencements, no degrees—none of the ordinary paraphernalia with which we in the West need to sugar-coat and soften the realities of instruction. Only at the end of eight long years or twelve is the *venia legendi* given as the result of an examination.

In Al-Azhar the Brilliant there are students of all ages, from little tots that rock themselves into the primary knowledge of reading, writing and the Koran that is necessary for entrance, up to the "Bermostes Haupt" that is found in every high school, and whose age is known only to himself. Nominally the age of fifteen is requisite before the student can pass the commission that examines for entrance; but one is not very particular in the Orient as regards age, nor too careful in its remembrance. It was told to me that the number of students is so large because the certificate of Al-Azhar the Brilliant frees the holder from military service; but we must add to that the very certain fact that the desire for knowledge is strongly implanted in the Mohammedan world and that the professions of fakih, mudarris, and hakim are surrounded with glory by the faithful in Islam.

It is a very sea of students. The whole liwan, the mosque itself, is littered with groups deep in study, and the whole of the uncovered sakhn without is strewn with clusters and packs resting from their work, some eating, others chatting or sleeping upon the bare floor. All is scrupulously clean, hardly a speck of dust is seen on the matted floor where so many human beings are living and working. All is strictly neat and ordered where no semblance of order can be traced out beforehand, and there are hundreds, even thousands of students; for Al-Azhar the

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Brilliant describes its scholars in larger numbers than any university in either Europe or America. The official statistics give for the year 1319 A.H. (1901) the number of 10,040 students and 250 teachers.

No languid ease is the lot of these students, nor is there any unseemly rush. From early morn until the end of the second hour (ten o'clock) there is work; after this is the time for eating. One half hour of further study, and then rest finishes the morning. The programme is the same in the afternoon. From the third hour until the sinking of the sun there is no work—at most a little arithmetic or geography is gone through. From the sinking of the sun until night there is again a study period.

Al-Azhar the Brilliant has its tragic corner, as has the rest of the world. In a room separated from the rest of the mosque is the class for the blind. Here those for whom the brilliancy of Al-Azhar can only be spiritual come in for their share of the prophet's teaching; and the number of students who see their lives pass in complete darkness is not small in a land where diseases of the eye are perennial. Some of the teachers in the mosque itself are blind, which matters little, seeing that memory so much supplies the place of sight in Eastern learning. Both teachers and pupils looked the extreme of contentment; they were conscious of meritorious action.

It is the fashion to call Al-Azhar the Brilliant a university. Of set purpose it has not been that, nor is it in reality. The programme does, indeed, mention certain voluntary studies, such as composition, history, geography, and natural science. But to my knowledge they are seldom taught. Voluntary classes for such subjects are made up in one or two other mosques of Cairo; but such instruction finds little favour with the leaders, whose bent is all theological. Al-Azhar the Brilliant is in reality a theological school, a seminary, but with a slightly wider reach. For theology and the actual or reputed savings and doings of the prophet form the basis of all studies and of all instruction in Islam, and the graduates of the school profess in after life the functions not only of religious teachings, but also of religious judges. The departments of instruction comprise Arabic linguistics (syntax, grammar, rhetoric, logic, metrics), the science of tradition, Koran exegesis, dogmatic theology, ethics, and jurisprudence. If one considers the wide extent of these sciences, their endless intertwining and subtle interlacing, the scholastic spinning out of human mental gymnastics, one will no longer wonder at the time it takes to acquire the requisite degrees. As there are four chief schools of Mohammedan jurisprudence, so there are four forms in which it is taught in Al-Azhar the Brilliant, and the student of canon law is bound to know something about the other systems in addition to the one to which he belongs.

There are many that would hint a fault at a society which prolongs the scholasticism of the Middle Ages of Mohammedan religious thought. The subjects taught are the same as those taught in the many centuries that have gone before; but the times are not the same, and there are among the leaders of Islam in Egypt today some few men who have felt and have recognised this. They know that if Islam is to keep the place won for it by its brilliant achievements in the past, it must find the synthesis with the modern world of thought as it did during the Middle Ages with Aristotle. Such an enlightened leader was Mohammed Abdu, Mufti of Egypt, who only lately has died—much too soon to make his provident interest and unostentatious piety gain the distinguished success which it must have gained had a longer lease of life been granted to him. If the physical signs of what we call progress are worth anything, such signs are not wanting. The post-office in Al-Azhar the Brilliant brings this home of ancient learning into contact with the world at large, and even the telephone has stolen its way in, to intrude the bustle and the wakefulness of modern life upon the quiet of a scholastic home. Oriental seclusion is now as impossible in Al-Azhar the Brilliant as it is in other parts of Egypt. Under the fostering hand of English rule—the mailed fist in the velvet glove—the doors are kept open. The formality of a Tezkereh is all that is needed to get

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past the gate; the simple device of a large slipper over one's boots silences the scruples which forbid one to carry the dirt of the common street into the holy place. In the hands of a guide one can freely move from place to place. The students are accustomed to the sight of strangers, both men and women; the professors are supremely indifferent. But they both demand, as is their right, a respectful inquisitiveness. Once only did a lady in my party forget what we ourselves would demand of visitors to our own high schools, and we were loudly hissed. We might have fared badly had I not sat down and talked earnestly with the students upon the rights of hospitality so inviolable to the Semite. They listened with much eagerness, and showed an appreciation of the attempt to know their speech and to understand their faith. Soon I was the centre of a circle, in the periphery of which were several hundred craning necks; and when the students saw that I could write their script their joy knew no bounds. Though I was not permitted to become a regular student, as I had wished, I have spent many an hour listening to the clear and logical teachings of the professors; if anything, too logical for our modern and Western minds.

Many have been the centenary celebrations held by the ancient universities during the last few years, but few of us have in mind that in Egypt there is a high school of learning which in point of age can almost rival those of Bologna, Ravenna, and Pavia. Built in the year 972 by Jauhar, general and minister of Muizz al-Din, the founder of the schismatic dynasty of the Fatimides, the mosque named Al-Azhar the Brilliant has been devoted to instruction since the year 988, with an almost uninterrupted sequence. It is a continuous witness to the Moslem faith, throughout the varying rule of heretical Shi'ites and orthodox Sunnites, Berbers, Kurds, Turks, Mamlukes and Albanians. Very little of the original mosque can be seen; successive restorations have beautified that which at first was dignified only by its simplicity.

Abbas Hilmy II, the present khedive, has himself shown much interest in the future welfare of this great school of learning; not quite in the same sense as the enlightened Mufti, Mohammed Abdu, but in a more material one. In the northeastern corner he has caused a number of rooms to be built, which in their architectural effect compare well with those erected by his predecessors. He has brought medical aid to the service of the students, and would perhaps have done more (so he told me) had he not met with an opposition which he did not feel called upon to break at the present moment. Of course, there are parties in Al-Azhar the Brilliant as there are everywhere else, tendencies to conserve the old because of its antiquity and to see the new with the spectacles of suspicion because of its novelty. In Al-Azhar the Brilliant the new blends curiously with the old, the modern and somewhat florid style with the more ancient and severe. This is also seen in the library of the mosque, two large wings at the chief entrance being appropriated to the books which formerly lay scattered upon every hand in the various cloisters of the ancient mosque. The wing on the right-hand side is used merely as a storeroom, that on the left as the library proper. As one enters by this "Gate of the Barbers"—so called because in former times the students were shaved at this corner—now the chief entrance, one comes into the antechamber, in which sits the chief librarian, a stern-countenanced man, who seems to do little but give general directions upon the work that is to be done, and then into the fore-room with the superb prayer niche, dating from the fourteenth century. It is here that the manuscripts of the library are copied; the copyist sits upon the floor and at a table that would seem perilously low, copying in that beautiful Arabic script which at all times has been the delight of art-loving people. From the antechamber one descends a few steps into the library proper. Around the walls of the large carpeted room are modern glass-doored bookcases, in which prints and manuscripts are carefully guarded. There must be some ten thousand volumes here, well ordered and catalogued, though according to an Eastern system. It is a library characteristic of the purposes which Al-Azhar the Brilliant serves; nothing in the way of European

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science or even of European works dealing with Mohammedanism has penetrated into this corner. Even the editions of Arabic masterpieces which have been published in the lands of the Giaour are carefully excluded. Only when they have been republished upon the thick white or yellow paper which the Egyptian Mohammedans seem to love, do they find a place in this collection. Showcases of quite modern construction contain the most valuable of the manuscripts —some of the few that Western greed and plunder have left in the East. In the centre of the room stands a small meridian telescope—the gift of some khedive—a discordant ornament in these theological surroundings. Here sits the assistant librarian and loans out the books—or parts of books, if I must be accurate. For they have found a way to discourage the excessive love for library books which seems to be bred into students. Whole volumes are never loaned: only a few gatherings at a time; and thus temptation is avoided.

Al-Azhar the Brilliant is nominally under the guidance of a rector—the Sheikh al-Azhar, who is assisted by the executive board of five members, three ulemas (theologians) and two government officials, all appointed by the khedive. In point of fact this executive board is not always the chief authority. That may be centred in one of the various commissions, or in the mufti, as it was during the lifetime of Mohammed Abdu. The Westerner looks in vain for class rooms, seminars and studies. None are to be found. With the exception of one or two rooms, in which special lectures are held, all work of this teeming hive is done in the long covered hall of the mosque itself. It would be more proper to speak of lecture pillars than lecture rooms. The rector assigns to each teacher such a pillar. The teacher sits himself on the ground (only a few of the more important are permitted to squat upon a settee) with his back to the pillar and his face turned religiously toward Mecca. The students circle on the ground before him. He opens his lecture or his reading with a prayer, and in the same spirit closes it. The hearers may interrupt him to put questions; so that by the interplay of dialectic wrangling the wits of both the teacher and pupil are sharpened. One would imagine that the swelling clamour of tongues in each group would disturb the others. It is not so; by a remarkable power of concentration each little group is a law unto itself and proceeds upon the even tenor of its disputing way, with its neighbours quite out of mind.

Al-Azhar the Brilliant is no unkind Alma Mater. It demands no fees of those that seek its welcome. It even goes beyond this, and provides in part for their material welfare. All learning is in itself an act of piety to the Mohammedan, an end devoutly to be sought after; and even present-day Islam has preserved something of the austerity which the desert has instilled into the Bedouin habits. Moslem piety has in the past ages been liberal, and has so endowed Al-Azhar the Brilliant that it has a yearly income of eight thousand pounds, to which the government adds something over two thousand. This suffices to provide instruction and partly to feed, lodge, and dress the many students. A certain stipend is given to each and bread is distributed in the daily rations. Upon festivals other food and dress are bestowed or their equivalent is given in money. Nearly all of the students sleep in the mosque itself—packed away in the different riwaks or cloisters that run around the outer court.

The professors emulate their pupils in the truly simple life. Even in Cairo and in the native quarter their modest pay of 100 to 300 piastres a month (from $5 to $15) compels a modest existence. My own sheikh, Ahmad Omar al-Mahmasani, the sub-librarian of the mosque, lived, cooked, slept and studied in his own room and in the company of his books. I advised him to put the money I paid to him for his lessons into the bank; but this he refused to do, interest taking and usury being synonyms for the pious Moslem.

In such manner do the teachers of Islam gain their training. Only during two months and one-half is the life of al-Azhar the Brilliant hushed. The students return to their homes or lazy away their days in Cairo itself. How can they

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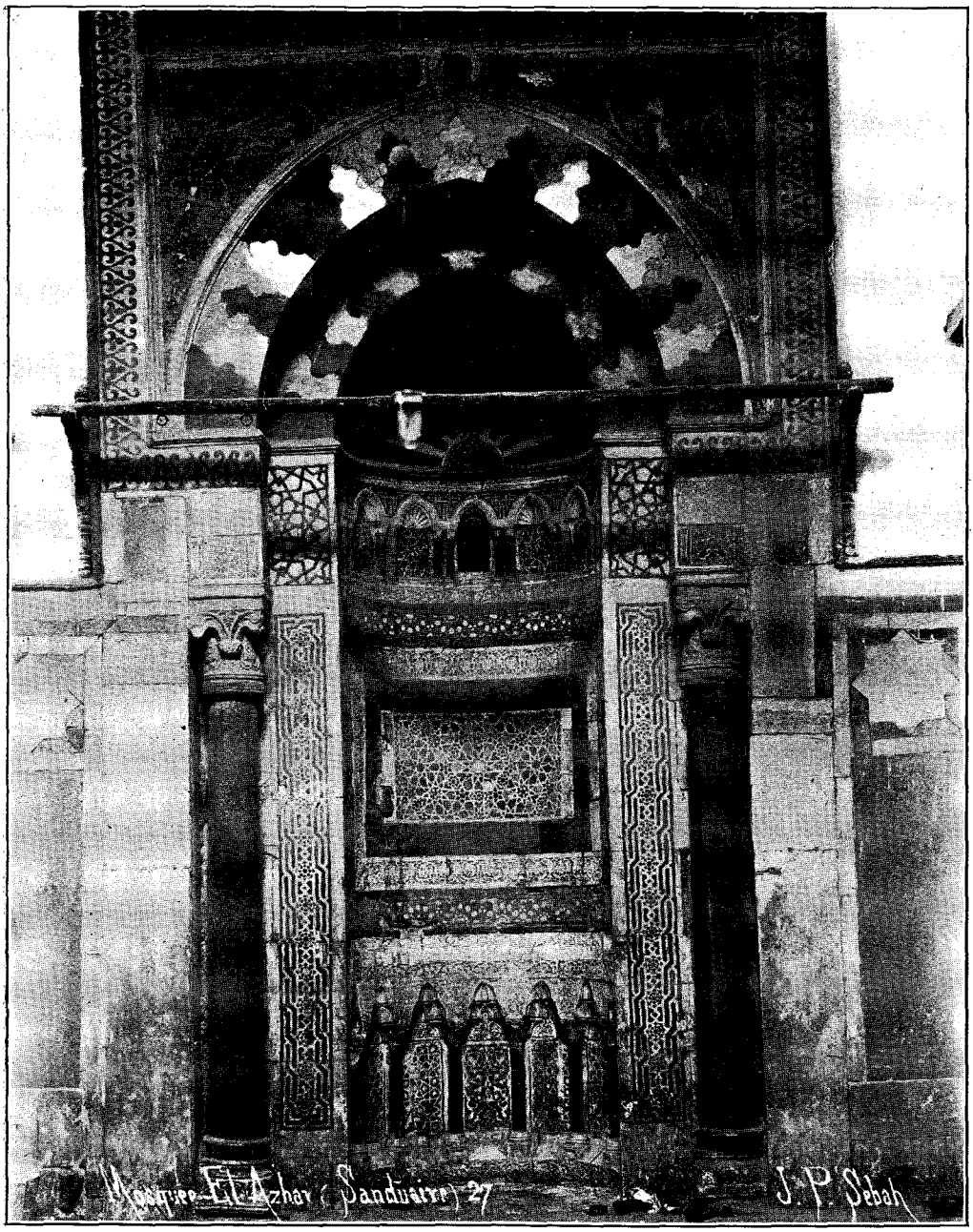

MIHRAB (PRAYER NICHE) IN AL-AZHAR THE BRILLIANT

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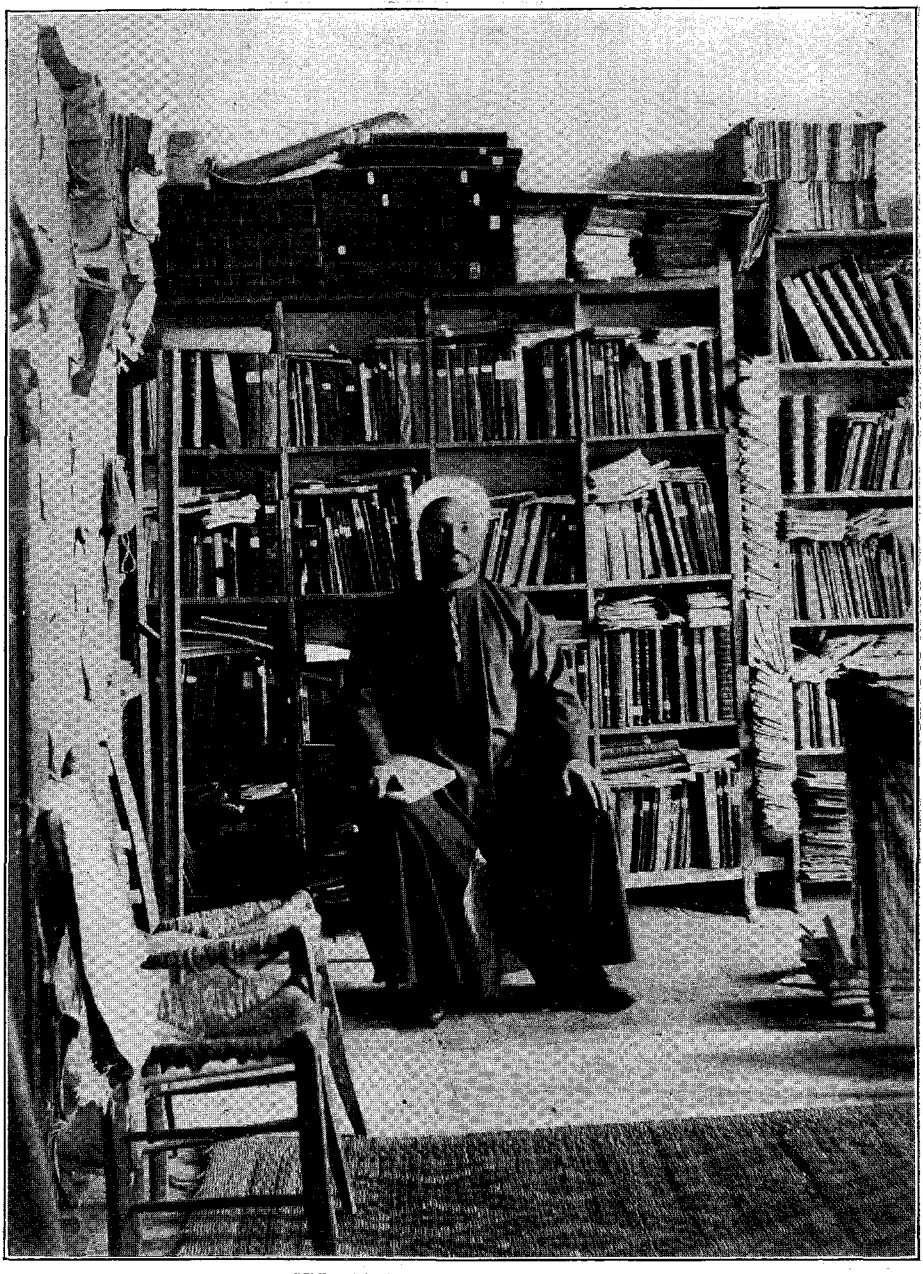

SHEIKH AHMAD OMAR AT HOME

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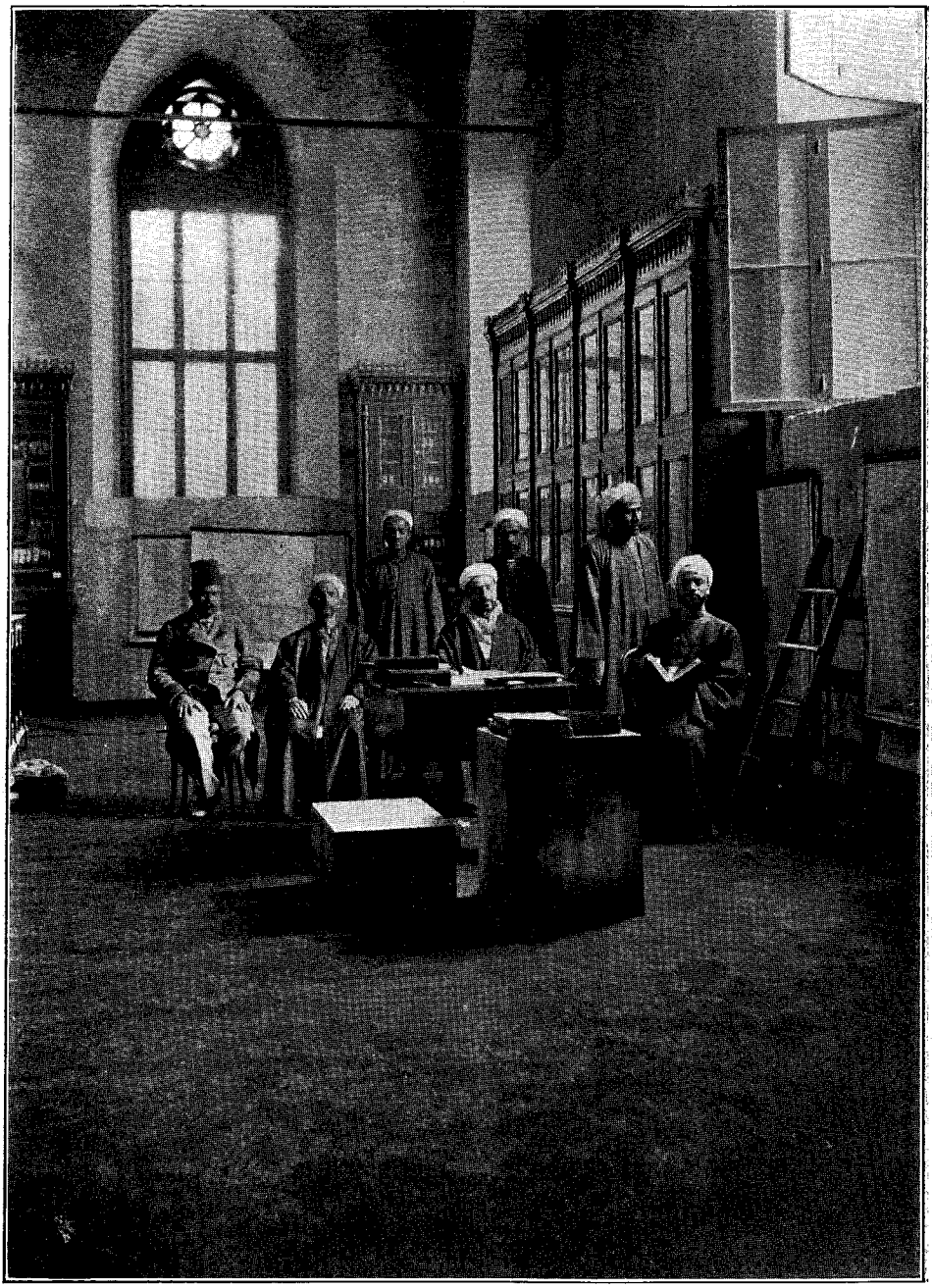

WITHIN THE LIBRARY. THE SUB-LIBRARIAN, HIS FRIENDS AND THE ATTENDANTS

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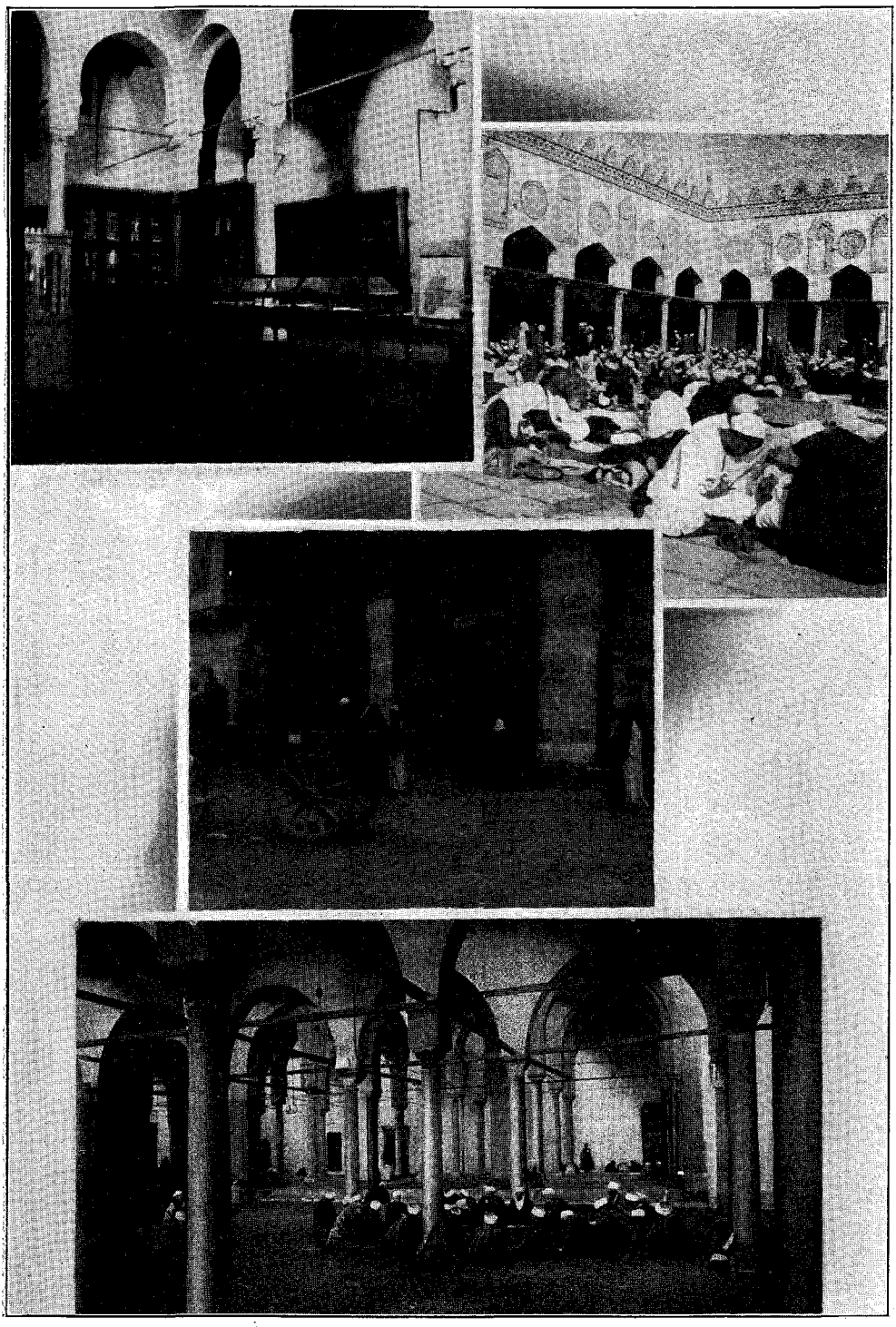

A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY

STUDENTS AT LUNCH IN THE OUTER COURT

POST OFFICE OF THE MOSQUE

THE CENTRAL PART

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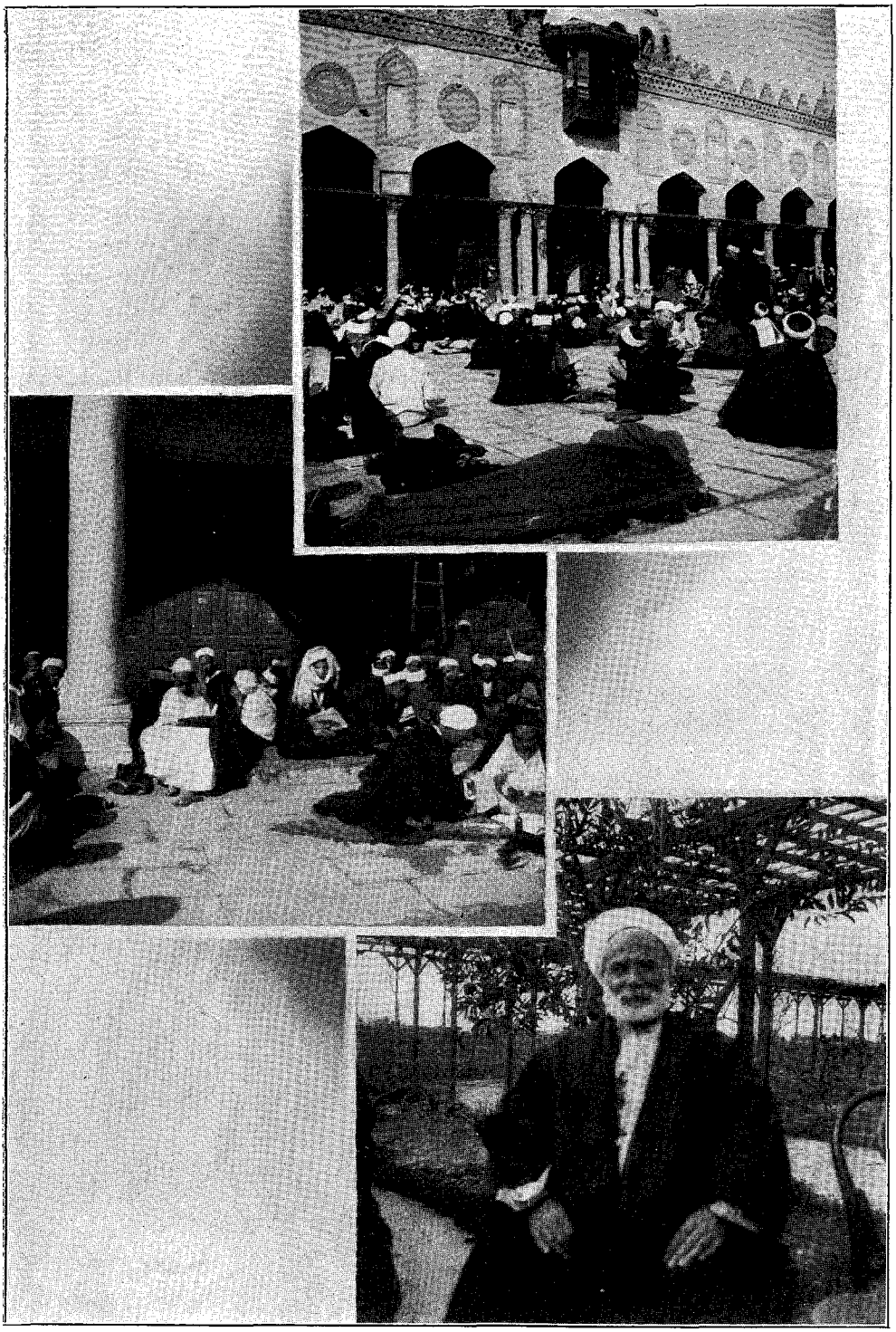

THE OUTER COURT

STUDENTS AT WORK

MUHAMMED ABDU, THE LATE MUFTI OF EGYPT

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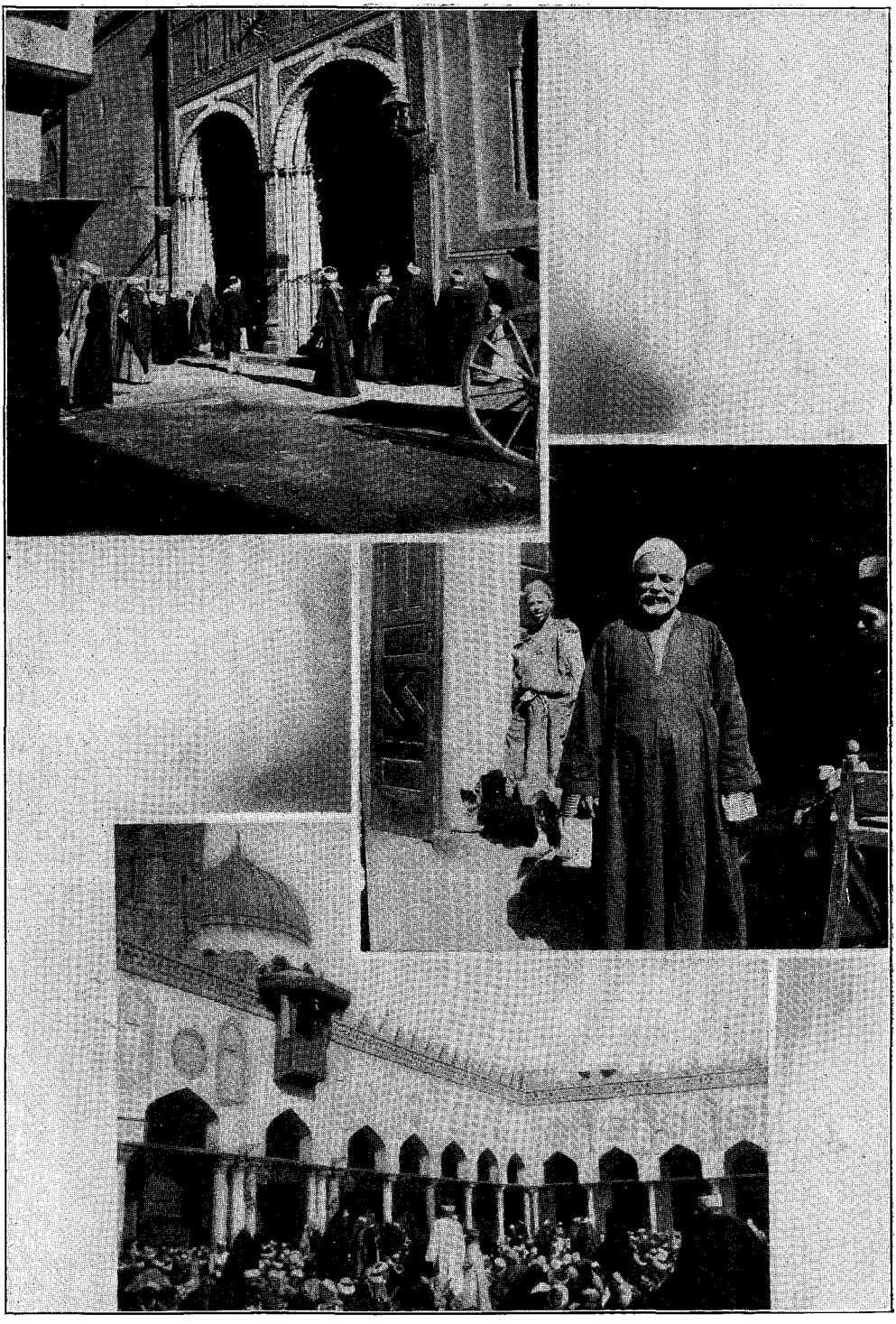

THE ENTRANCE

A WELL-FED ATTENDANT

THE COURT

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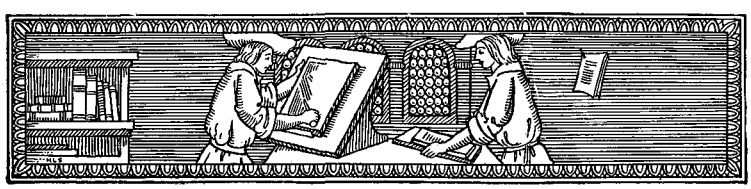
work in the month of Ramadan, when the mortification of the flesh, at least during the day, makes every effort irksome? Out of the remaining ten and one-half months they have thirty-five days' holiday—a proof that they are not wearied, notwithstanding their feverish concentration at study time.

When at last the student has finished his lectures and his studies, he appears before the University Board of examination to prove his diligence and to receive his certificate. There are no means of knowing what percentage of those that enter pass through to the very end. I have the conviction that it is small. At the end of three years the student may obtain his first certificate, which frees him from military service. After eight years he may be examined for a second certificate, which empowers him to lead in prayer, to preach and give elementary instruction. It is only after a course lasting twelve long years and a severe examination that the real and most coveted diploma is given which enables the holder to "profess" in Al-Azhar, or in any of the other teaching mosques in Egypt. In addition, a special certificate is necessary if one desires to return to his home and there to teach and give ritual decisions.

In many of the native circles of Cairo the wish has been expressed of late years that Al-Azhar the Brilliant ought now to emerge from its seclusion and become vitalised as a university for the Mohammedan people in the modern acceptance of that term. But the more moderate among both the native and the English populations recognise the unwisdom of any such course. Whatever evolutions Mohammedanism as a political and social power may be called upon to undergo in the future, its theology and its canon law must remain intact, or at least be developed upon its own lines. This need Al-Azhar the Brilliant must continue to serve in the future, as it has served it in the past. The late Munchawy Pasha —an Eastern replica of the American trust magnate—had at one time the intention to found a university distinct from the old theological school. The project has died with him; but it seems more probable that the English will realise it in a somewhat different manner. At the present moment the government supports schools of agriculture, engineering, law and medicine, a veterinary school and a training school for teachers at Cairo. It is only necessary to combine these into one institution, adding to them a school of the humanities. The record made at the Gordon Memorial College in Khartoum is an earnest of what can be done when the rightful susceptibilities of the native are not ignored. No Mohammedan can object to such a proposal; for has not the prophet said: "Whoso pursueth the road of knowledge God will direct him to the road of Paradise?"

Richard Gottheil.



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CHRONICLES OF THE IMP

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

IV.—MOON-MAGIC

HE Three Jolly Anglers is an inn of a distinctly jovial aspect, with its toppling gables, its creaking sign, and its bright lattices, which, like merry little twinkling eyes, look down upon the eternal river to-day with the same half-waggish, half-kindly air, as they have done for generations.

Upon its battered sign, if you look closely enough, you may still see the Three Anglers themselves, somewhat worn and dim with time and stress of weather, yet preserving their jollity through it all with an heroic fortitude—as they doubtless will do until they fade away altogether.

It is an inn with raftered ceilings, and narrow, winding passageways; an inn with long, low chambers full of unexpected nooks and corners, with great four-post beds built for tired giants it would seem, and wide, deep chimneys reminiscent of Gargantuan rounds of beef; an inn whose very walls seem to exude comfort, as it were—the solid comfortable comfort of a bygone age.

Of all the many rooms here to be found I love best that which is called the Sanded Parlour. Never were wainscoted walls of a mellower tone, never was pewter more gleaming, never were things more bright and speckless, from the worn, quaint andirons on the hearth to the brass-bound blunderbuss, with the two ancient fishing-rods above. At one end of the room was a long, low casement, and here I leaned, watching the river nearby, and listening to its never-ceasing murmur. I had dined an hour ago; the beef had been excellent—it always is at the Three Jolly Anglers—and the ale beyond all criticism; also my pipe seemed to have an added flavour.

Yet despite all this I did not enjoy that supreme content—that philosophical calm which such beef and such ale surely warranted. But then, who ever heard of Love and Philosophy going together?

Away over the uplands a round, harvest moon was beginning to rise, flecking the shadowy waters with patches of silver, and, borne to my ears upon the warm, still air, came the throb of distant violins. This served only to deepen my melancholy, reminding me that somebody or other was giving a ball to-night; and Lisbeth was there, and Mr. Selwyn was there, of course, and I—I was here—alone with the brass-bound blunderbuss, the ancient fishing-rods and the antique andirons on the hearth; with none to talk to save the moon, and the jasmine that had crept in at the open casement. And noting the splendour of the night, I experienced towards Lisbeth a feeling of pained surprise, that she should prefer the heat and garish glitter of a ball-room to walking beneath such a moon with me.

Indeed, it was a wondrous night! one of those warm, still nights which seem full of vague and untold possibilities! A night with magic in the air, when elves and fairies dance within their grassy rings, or hiding amid the shade of trees, peep out at one between the leaves; or again, some gallant knight on mighty steed come pacing slowly from the forest shadows, with the moonlight bright upon his armour.

Yes, surely there was magic in the air to-night! I half wished that some enchanter might, by a stroke of his fairy wand, roll back the years and leave me in the brutal, virile, Good Old Times, when men wooed and won their loves by might and strength of arm, and not by gold, as is so often the case in these days of ours. To be mounted upon my fiery steed, lance in hand and sword on thigh, riding down the leafy alleys of the woods yonder, led by the throbbing, sighing melody. To burst upon the astonished dancers like a thunder-clap; to swing her up to my saddle-bow, and clasped in each other's

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arms, to plunge into the green mystery of forest.

My fancies had carried me thus far when I became aware of a small, furtive figure, dodging from one patch of shadow to another. Leaning from the window, I made out the form of a somewhat disreputable urchin, who, dropping upon hands and knees, proceeded to crawl towards me over the grass with a show of the most elaborate caution.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed, "halt and give the counter-sign!" The urchin sat up on his heels and stared at me with a pair of very round, bright eyes.

"Please, are you Mr. Uncle Dick?" he inquired.

"Oh," I said, "you come from the Imp, I presume." The boy nodded a round head, at the same time fumbling with something in his pocket.

"And whom may you be?" I inquired, conversationally.

"I'm Ben, I am."

"The gardener's boy?" Again the round head nodded acquiescence, as with much writhing and twisting he succeeded in drawing a heterogeneous collection of articles from his pocket, whence he selected a very dirty and crumpled piece of paper.

"He wants a ladder so's he can git out, but it's too big fer me to lift, so he told me to give you this here so's you would come an' rescue him—please, Mr. Uncle Dick." With which lucid explanation Ben handed me the crumpled note.

Spreading it out upon the window-sill, I managed to make out as follows:

DEAR UNKEL DICK: I'm riting this with my hart's blood bekors I'm a prisner in a gloomie dungun. It isn't really my hart's blood it's only red ink, so don't worry. Aunty lisbath cent me to bed just after tea bekors she said i'm norty, and when she'd gone Nurse locked me in so i can't get out and i'm tired of being a prisner, so please i want you to get the ladda and let me eskape, please unkel dick, will you.

yours till deth,
REGINALD AUGUSTUS.

Auntie was reding Ivanhoe to us and i've been the Black Knight and you can be Gurth the swine-herd if you like.

"So that's the way of it?" I said. "Well! well! such an appeal shall not go unanswered, at least. Wait there, my trusty Benjamin, and I'll be with you anon." Pausing only to refill my tobacco-pouch and get my cap, I sallied out into the fragrant night, and set off along the river, the faithful Benjamin trotting at my heels.

Very soon we were skirting blooming flower-beds, and crossing trim lawns, until at length we reached a certain wing of the house from a window of which a pillow-case was dangling by means of a string.

"That's for provisions!" volunteered Ben; "we pertended he was starving, so he lets it down an' I fill it with onions out of the vegetable garden." At this moment the curly head of the Imp appeared at the window, followed by the major portion of his person.

"Oh, Uncle Dick!" he cried in a loud stage-whisper, "I think you had better be the Black Knight, 'cause you're so big, you know."

"Imp," I said, "get in at once, do you want to break your neck?" The Imp obediently wriggled into safety.

"The ladder's in the tool-house, Uncle Dick—Ben'll show you. Will you get it, please?" he pleaded in a wheedling tone.

"First of all, my Imp, why did your Auntie Lisbeth send you to bed—had you been a very naughty boy?"

"No-o!" he answered, after a moment's pause, "I don't think I was so very naughty—I only painted Dorothy like an Indian chief—green, with red spots, an' she looked fine, you know."

"Green, with red spots!" I repeated, "she certainly must have done so."

"Yes, only auntie didn't seem to like it."

"I fear your Auntie Lisbeth lacks an eye for colour."

"Yes, 'fraid so; she sent me to bed for it, you know."

"Still, Imp, under the circumstances I think it would be best if you got undressed and went to sleep."

"Oh, but I can't, Uncle Dick!"

"Why not, my Imp?"

"'Cause the moon's so very bright, an' everything looks so fine down there, an' I'm sure there's fairies about—moon fairies, you know, and I'm miserable."

"Miserable, Imp?"

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"Yes, Auntie Lisbeth never came to kiss me good-night, an' so I can't go to sleep, Uncle Dick!"

"Why that alters the case, certainly."

"Yes, an' the ladder's in the tool-house."

"Imp," I said, as I turned to follow Benjamin, "oh, you Imp!" There are few things in this world more difficult to manage than a common or garden ladder; among other peculiarities it has a most unpleasant knack of kicking out suddenly just as everything appears to be going smoothly, which is apt to prove disconcerting to the novice. However, after sundry mishaps of the kind, I eventually got it reared up to the window, and a moment afterwards the Imp had climbed down and stood beside me, drawing the breath of freedom.

As a precautionary measure we proceeded to hide the ladder in a clump of rhododendrons hard by, and had but just done so when Benjamin uttered a cry of warning and took to his heels, while the Imp and I sought shelter behind a friendly tree. And not a whit too soon, for, scarcely had we done so, when two figures came round a corner of the house—two figures who walked very slowly and very close together.

"Why it's Betty—the cook, you know—an' Peter!" whispered the Imp. Almost opposite our hiding-place Betty paused to sigh heavily and stare up at the moon.

"Oh, Peter!" she murmured, "look at that there orb!"

"Ar!" said Peter, gazing obediently upward.

"Peter, ain't it 'eavenly; don't it stir your very soul?"

"Ar!" said Peter.

"Peter, are you sure you loves me more than that Susan thing at the doctor's?" A corduroy coat-sleeve crept slowly about Betty's plump waist, and there came the unmistakable sound of a kiss.

"Really and truly, Peter?"

"Ar!" said Peter, "so 'elp me Sam!" The kissing sound was repeated, and they walked on once more, only closer than ever now on account of the corduroy coat-sleeve.

"Those two are in love, you know," nodded the Imp. "Peter says the cheese-cakes she makes are enough to drive any man into marrying her, whether he wants to or not, an' I heard Betty telling Jane that she adored Peter, 'cause he had so much soul! Why is it," he inquired, thoughtfully, as he watched the two out of sight, "why is it, Uncle Dick, that people in love always look so silly?"

"Do you think so?" I asked, as I paused to light my pipe.

"'Course I do!" returned the Imp, "what's any one got to put their arm round girls for, just as if they wanted holding up—I think it's awfull' silly!"

"Of course it is, Imp—your wisdom is unassailable—still, do you know, I can understand a man being foolish enough to do it—occasionally."

"But you never would, Uncle Dick?"

"Alas, Imp!" I said, shaking my head, "Fortune seems to preclude all chances of it."

"'Course you wouldn't," he exclaimed; "an' Ivanhoe wouldn't——"

"Ah, but he did!" I put in; "have you forgotten Rowena?"

"Oh!" cried the Imp dolefully, "do you really think he ever put his arm round her?"

"Sure of it," I nodded. The Imp seemed much cast down, and even shocked.

"But there was the Black Knight," he said, brightening suddenly—"Richard of the Lion Heart, you know—he never did!"

"Not while he was fighting, of course, but afterwards, if history is to be believed, he very frequently did; and we are all alike, Imp—everybody does sooner or later."

"But why? Why should any one want to put their arm round a girl, Uncle Dick?"

"For the simple reason that the girl is there to put it round, I suppose. And now, Imp, let us talk of fish."

Instinctively we had wandered towards the river, and now we stood to watch the broad, silver path made by the moon across the mystery of its waters.

"I love to see the shine upon the river like that," said the Imp, dreamily; Auntie Lisbeth says it's the path that the Moon-fairies come down by to bring you nice dreams when you've been good. I've got out of bed lots of times an' watched an'

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watched, but I've never seen them come. Do you think there are fairies in the moon, Uncle Dick?"

"Undoubtedly," I answered; "how else does it keep so bright? I used to wonder once how they managed to make it shine so."

"It must need lots of rubbing!" said the Imp; "I wonder if they ever get tired?"

"Of course they do, Imp, and disheartened, too, sometimes, like the rest of us, and then everything is black, and people wonder where the moon is. But they are very brave, these Moon-fairies, and they never quite lose hope, you know; so they presently go back to their rubbing and polishing, always starting at one edge. And in a little while we see it begin to shine again, very small and thin at first, like a——"

"Thumb-nail!"

"Yes, just like a thumb-nail; and so they go on working and working at it until it gets as big and round and bright as it is to-night."

Thus we walked together through a fairy world, the Imp and I, while above the murmur of the waters, above the sighing of the trees, came the soft, tremulous melody of the violins.

"I do wish I had lived when there were knights like Ivanhoe," burst out the Imp, suddenly, "it must have been fine to knock a man off his horse with your lance."

"Always supposing he didn't knock you off first, Imp."

"Oh! I should have been the sort of knight that nobody could knock off, you know. An' I'd have wandered about on my faithful charger, fighting all sorts of caddish barons, and caitiffs, an' slaying giants; an' I'd have rescued lovely ladies from castles grim—though I wouldn't have put my arm round them, of course!"

"Perish the thought, my Imp!"

"Uncle Dick!" he said, insinuatingly, "I do wish you'd be the Black Knight, an' let me be Ivanhoe."

"But there are no caitiffs and things left for us to fight, Imp, and no lovely ladies to rescue from castles grim, alas!" Now we had been walking on, drawn almost imperceptibly by the magic thread of the melody, which had led us, by devious paths, to a low stone wall, beyond which we could see the gleam of lighted windows and the twinkle of fairy-lamps among the trees. And over there, amid the music and laughter, was Lisbeth in all the glory of her beauty, happy, of course, and light-hearted; and here, beneath the moon, was I.

"We could pretend this was a castle grim, you know, Uncle Dick, full of dungeons an' turrets, an' that we were going to rescue Auntie Lisbeth."

"Imp," I said, "that's really a great idea."

"I wish I'd brought my trusty sword," he sighed, searching about for something to supply its place; "I left it under my pillow, you know." Very soon, however, he had procured two sticks, somewhat thin and wobbly, yet which, by the magic of imagination, became transformed into formidable, two-edged swords, with one of which he armed me, the other he flourished above his head.

"Forward, gallant knights!" he cried; "the breach! the breach! On! on! St. George, for Merrie England!" With the words he clambered upon the wall and disappeared upon the other side.

For a moment I hesitated, and then, inspired by the music, and the thought of Lisbeth, I followed suit. It was all very mad, of course, but who cared for sanity on such a night—certainly not I.

"Careful now, Imp!" I cautioned; "if any one should see us they'll take us for thieves, or lunatics, beyond a doubt."

We found ourselves in an enclosed garden with a walk which led between rows of fruit trees. Following this, it brought us out upon a broad stretch of lawn, with here and there a great tree, and beyond, the gleaming windows of the house. Filled with the spirit of adventure, we approached, keeping in the shadow as much as possible, until we could see figures that strolled to and fro upon the terrace or promenaded the walks below.

The excitement of dodging our way among so many people was intense; time and again we were only saved from detection by more than one wandering couple, owing to the fact that all their attention was centred in themselves. For instance, we were skirmishing round a clump of laurels, to gain the shadow of the terrace, when we almost ran into the arms

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of a pair; but they didn't see us for the very good reason that she was staring at the moon, and he at her.

"So sweet of you, Archibald!" she was saying.

"What did she call him 'bald for, Uncle Dick?" inquired the Imp in a loud stage-whisper, as I dragged him down behind the laurels. "He's not a bit bald, you know! An' I say, Uncle Dick, did you see his arm, it was round——"

"Yes—yes!" I nodded.

"Just like Peter's, you know."

"Yes—yes, I saw."

"I wonder why she called him——"

"Hush!" I broke in, "his name is Archibald, I suppose."

"Well, I hope when I grow up nobody will ever call me——"

"Hush!" I said again, "not a word—there's your Auntie Lisbeth! She was, indeed, standing upon the terrace, within a yard of our hiding-place, and beside her was Mr. Selwyn.

"Uncle Dick," whispered the irrepressible Imp, "do you think if we watch long enough that Mr. Selwyn will put his arm round——"

"Shut up!" I whispered savagely.

Lisbeth was clad in a long, trailing gown of dove-coloured silk—one of those close-fitting garments that make the uninitiated, such as myself, wonder how they are ever got on. Also, she wore a shawl, which I was sorry for, because I have always been an admirer of beautiful things, and Lisbeth's neck and shoulders are glorious.

Mr. Selwyn stood beside her with a plate of ice cream in his hand, which he handed to her, and they sat down. As I watched her and noticed her weary, bored air, and how wistfully she gazed up at the silver disc of the moon, I experienced a feeling of decided satisfaction.

"Yes," said Lisbeth, toying absently with the ice cream, "he painted Dorothy's face with stripes of red and green enamel, and goodness only knows how we can ever get it all off!"

Mr. Selwyn was duly shocked and murmured something about the efficacy of turpentine in such an emergency.

"Of course, I had to punish him," continued Lisbeth, "so I sent him to bed immediately after tea, and never went to say good-night, or tuck him up as I usually do, and it has been worrying me all the evening."

Mr. Selwyn was sure that he was all right, and positively certain that at this moment he was wrapped in balmy slumber. Despite my warning grasp, the Imp chuckled, but we were saved by the band striking up. Mr. Selwyn rose, giving his arm to Lisbeth, and they re-entered the ball-room. One by one the other couples followed suit until the long terrace was deserted.

Now, upon Lisbeth's deserted chair, showing wonderfully pink in the soft glow of the Chinese lanterns, was the ice cream.

"Uncle Dick," said the Imp in his thoughtful way, "I think I'll be a bandit for a bit."

"Anything you like," I answered rashly, "so long as we get away while we can."

"All right," he whispered, "I won't be a minute," and before I could stop him he had scrambled down the steps and fallen to upon the ice cream.

The wonderful celerity with which the Imp wolfed down that ice cream was positively awe-inspiring. In less time almost than it takes to tell the plate was empty. Yet scarcely had he swallowed the last mouthful when he heard Mr. Selwyn's voice close by. In his haste the Imp dropped his cap, a glaring affair of red and white, and before he could recover it Lisbeth reappeared, followed by Mr. Selwyn.

"It certainly is more pleasant out here!" he was saying.

Lisbeth came straight towards the cap—it was a moral impossibility that she could fail to see it—yet she sank into her chair without word or sign. Mr. Selwyn, on the contrary, stood with the empty ice plate in his hand, staring at it in wide-eyed astonishment.

"It's gone!" he exclaimed.

"Oh!" said Lisbeth.

"Most extraordinary!" said Mr. Selwyn, fixing his monocle and staring harder than ever; "I wonder where it can have got to?"

"Perhaps it melted!" Lisbeth suggested, "and I should so have loved an ice!" she sighed.

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"Then, of course, I'll get you another, with pleasure," he said and hurried off, eyeing the plate dubiously as he went.

No sooner was Lisbeth alone than she kicked aside the train of her dress and picked up the tell-tale cap.

"Imp!" she whispered, rising to her feet, "Imp, come here at once, sir!" There was a moment's breathless pause, and then the Imp squirmed himself into view.

"Hallo, Auntie Lisbeth!" he said, with a cheerfulness wholly assumed.

"Oh!" she cried, distressfully, "whatever does this mean; what are you doing here? Oh, you naughty boy!"

"Lisbeth," I said, as I rose in my turn and confronted her, "do not blame the child—the fault is mine—let me explain; by means of a ladder——"

"Not here," she whispered, glancing nervously towards the ball-room.

"Then come where I can."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all; you have only to descend these steps and we can talk undisturbed."

"Ridiculous!" she said, stooping to replace the Imp's cap; but being thus temptingly within reach, she was next moment beside us in the shadows.

"Dick, how could you, how dared you?"

"You see, I had to explain," I answered very humbly; "I really couldn't allow this poor child to bear the blame of my fault——"

"I'm not a 'poor child,' Uncle Dick," expostulated the Imp; "I'm a gallant knight and——"

"—The blame of my fault, Lisbeth," I continued, "I alone must face your just resentment, for——"

"Hush!" she whispered, glancing hastily about.

"—For, by means of a ladder, Lisbeth, a common or garden ladder——"

"Oh, do be quiet!" she said, and laid her hand upon my lips, which I immediately imprisoned there, but for a moment only; the next it was snatched away as there came the unmistakable sound of some one approaching.

"Come along, Auntie Lisbeth," whispered the Imp; "fear not, we'll rescue you."

Oh! surely there was magic in the air to-night; for, with a swift, dexterous movement, Lisbeth had swept her long train across her arm, and we were running hand in hand, all three of us, running across lawns and down winding paths between yew hedges, sometimes so close together that I could feel a tress of her fragrant hair brushing my face with a touch almost like a caress. Surely, surely, there was magic in the air to-night!

Suddenly Lisbeth stopped, flushed and panting.

"Well!" she exclaimed, staring from me to the Imp, and back again, "was ever anything so mad!"

"Everything is mad to-night," I said; "it's the moon!"

"To think of my running away like this with two—two——"

"Interlopers," I suggested.

"I really ought to be very, very angry with you—both of you she said, trying to frown.

"No, don't be angry with us, Auntie Lisbeth," pleaded the Imp, "'cause you are a lovely lady in a castle grim, an' we are two gallant knights, so we had to come an' rescue you; an' you never came to kiss me good-night, an' I'm awfull' sorry 'bout painting Dorothy's face—really!"

"Imp," cried Lisbeth, falling on her knees regardless of her silks and laces, "Imp, come and kiss me." The Imp drew out a decidedly grubby handkerchief, and, having rubbed his lips with it, obeyed.

"Now, Uncle Dick!" he said, and offered me the grubby handkerchief. Lisbeth actually blushed.

"Reginald!" she exclaimed, "whatever put such an idea into your head?"

"Oh! everybody's always kissing somebody you know," he nodded, an' it's Uncle Dick's turn now."

Lisbeth rose from her knees and began to pat her rebellious hair into order. Now, as she raised her arms, her shawl very naturally slipped to the ground; and standing there, with her eyes laughing up at me beneath their dark lashes, with the moonlight in her hair, and gleaming upon the snow of her neck and shoulders, she had never seemed quite so bewilderingly, temptingly beautiful before.

"Dick," she said, "I must go back at once—before they miss me."

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"Go back!" I repeated, "never—that is, not yet."

"But suppose any one saw us!" she said, with a hairpin in her mouth.

"They shan't," I answered, "you will see to that, won't you, Imp?"

"'Course I will, Uncle Dick!"

"Then go you, Sir Knight, and keep faithful ward behind yon apple tree, and let no base varlet hither come; that is, if you see any one, be sure to tell me." The Imp saluted and promptly disappeared behind the apple tree in question, while I stood watching Lisbeth's dexterous fingers and striving to remember a line from Keats descriptive of a beautiful woman in the moonlight. Before I could call it to mind, however, Lisbeth interrupted me.

"Don't you think you might pick up my shawl instead of staring at me as if I was——"

"The most beautiful woman in the world!" I put in.

—"Who is catching her death of cold," she laughed, yet for all her light tone her eyes drooped before mine as I obediently wrapped the shawl about her, in the doing of which, my arm being round her, very naturally stayed there, and—wonder of wonders, was not repulsed. And at this very moment, from the shadowy trees behind us came the rich, clear song of a nightingale.

Oh! most certainly the air was full of magic to-night!

"Dick," said Lisbeth very softly as the trilling notes died away, "I thought one could only dream such a night as this is."

"And yet life might hold many such for you and me, if you would only let it, Lisbeth," I reminded her. She did not answer.

"Not far from the village of Down, in Kent," I began.

"There stands a house," she put in, staring up at the moon with dreamy eyes.

"Yes."

"A very old house, with twisted Tudor chimneys and pointed gables—you see I have it all by heart, Dick—a house with wide stairways and long pannelled chambers——"

"Very empty and desolate at present," I added. "And amongst other things, there is a rose-garden—they call it My Ladye's Garden, Lisbeth, though no lady has trod its winding paths for years and years. But I have dreamed, many and many a time, that we stood among the roses, she and I, upon just such another night as this is. So I keep the old house ready and the gardens freshly trimmed, ready for my lady's coming; must I wait much longer, Lisbeth?" As I ended the nightingale took up the story, pleading my cause for me, filling the air with a melody, now appealing, now commanding, until it gradually died away in one long note of passionate entreaty.

Lisbeth sighed and turned towards me, but as she did so I felt a tug at my coat, and, looking round, beheld the Imp.

"Uncle Dick," he said, his eyes studiously averted, doubtless on account of the position of my arm, "here's Mr. Selwyn!"

With a sudden exclamation Lisbeth started from me and gathered up her skirts to run.

"Whereaway, my Imp?"

"Coming across the lawn."

"Reginald," I said, solemnly, "listen to me; you must sally out upon him with lance in rest, tell him you are a Knight-errant, wishful to uphold the glory of that faire ladye, your Auntie Lisbeth, and whatever happens you must manage to keep him away from here, do you understand?"

"Yes, only I do wish I'd brought my trusty sword, you know," he sighed.

"Never mind that now, Imp."

"Will Auntie Lisbeth be quite——"

"She will be all right."

"I suppose if you put your arm——"

"Never mind my arm, Imp, go!"

"Then fare thee well!" said he, and with a melodramatic flourish of his lance, trotted off.

"What did he mean about your arm, Dick?"

"Probably this!" I answered, slipping it around her again.

"But you must get away at once," whispered Lisbeth; "if Mr. Selwyn should see you——"

"I intend that he shall. Oh, it will be quite simple; while he is talking to me you can get back to the——"

"Hush!" she whispered, laying her fingers on my lips; "listen!"

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"Hallo, Mr. Selwyn!" came in the Imp's familiar tones.

"Why, good Heavens!" exclaimed another voice, much too near to be pleasant, "what on earth are you doing here—and at this time of night?"

"Looking for base varlets!"

"Don't you know that all little boys—all nice little boys—should have been in bed hours ago?"

"But I'm not a nice little boy; I'm a Knight-errant; would you like to get a lance, Mr. Selwyn, an' break it with me to the glory of my Auntie Lisbeth?"

"The question is, what has become of her?" said Mr. Selwyn. We waited almost breathlessly for the answer.

"Oh! I 'specks she's somewhere looking at the moon; everybody looks at the moon, you know; Betty does, an' the lady with the man with a funny name 'bout being bald, an'——"

"I think you had better come up to the house," said Mr. Selwyn.

"Do you think you could get me an ice cream if I did?" asked the Imp, persuasively; "nice an' pink, you know, with——"

"An ice!" repeated Mr. Selwyn; "I wonder how many you have had already to-night?"

The time for action was come.

"Lisbeth," I said, "we must go; such happiness as this could not last; how should it? I think it is given us to dream over in less happy days. For me it will be a memory to treasure always, and yet there might be one thing more—a little thing, Lisbeth—can you guess?" She did not speak, but I saw the dimple come and go at the corner of her mouth, so I stooped and kissed her. For a moment, all too brief, we stood thus, with the glory of the moonlight about us; then I was hurrying across the lawn after Selwyn and the Imp.

"Ah, Mr. Selwyn!" I said as I overtook them, "so you have found him, have you?" Mr. Selwyn turned to regard me, surprise writ large upon him, from the points of his immaculate, patent-leather shoes, to the parting of his no less immaculate hair.

"So very good of you," I continued; "you see he is such a difficult object to recover when once he gets mislaid; really, I'm awfully obliged." Mr. Selwyn's attitude was politely formal. He bowed.

"What is it to-night," he inquired, "pirates?"

"Hardly so bad as that," I returned; "to-night the air is full of the clash of armour and the ring of steel; if you do not hear it that is not our fault."

"An' the woods are full of caddish barons and caitiff knaves, you know, aren't they, Uncle Dick?"

"Certainly," I nodded, "with lance and spear-point twinkling through the gloom; but in the silver glory of the moon, Mr. Selwyn, walk errant damozels and ladyes faire, and again, if you don't see them, the loss is yours." As I spoke, away upon the terrace a grey shadow paused a moment ere it was swallowed in the brilliance of the ball-room; seeing which I did not mind the slightly superior smile that curved Mr. Selwyn's very precise moustache; after all, my rhapsody had not been altogether thrown away.

As I ended, the opening bars of a waltz floated out to us. Mr. Selwyn glanced back over his shoulder.

"Ah! I suppose you can find your way out?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, thanks."

"Then if you will excuse me, I think I'll leave you to—ah—to do it; the next dance is beginning, and—ah——"

"Certainly," I said, "of course—good-night, and much obliged—really!" Mr. Selwyn bowed, and, turning away, left us to our own resources.

"I should have liked another ice, Uncle Dick," sighed the Imp, regretfully.

"Knights never ate ice cream!" I said, as we set off along the nearest path.

"Uncle Dick," said the Imp suddenly, "do you 'spose Mr. Selwyn wants to put his arm round Auntie Lis——"

"Possibly!"

"An' do you 'spose that Auntie Lisbeth wants Mr. Selwyn to——"

"I don't know—of course not—er—kindly shut up, will you, Imp?"

"I only wanted to know, you know," he murmured.

Therewith we walked on in silence and I fell to dreaming of Lisbeth again, of how she had sighed, of the look in her eyes as she turned to me with her answer

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trembling on her lips—the answer which the Imp had inadvertently cut short.

In this frame of mind I drew near to that corner of the garden where she had stood with me, that quiet, shady corner, which henceforth would remain enshrined within my memory for her sake, which——

I stopped suddenly short at the sight of two figures—one in the cap and apron of a waiting maid and the other in the gorgeous plush and gold braid of a footman; and they were standing upon the very spot where Lisbeth and I had stood, and in almost the exact attitude—it was desecration.

I stood stock still despite the Imp's frantic tugs at my coat, all other feelings swallowed up in one of half-amused resentment. Thus the resplendent footman happened to turn his head, presently espied me, and removing his plush-clad arm from the waist of the trim maid-servant, and doubling his fists, strode towards us with a truly terrible mien.

"And w'ot might your game be?" he inquired, with that supercilious air inseparable to plush and gold braid; "oh, I know your kind, I do—I know yer!"

"Then, fellow," quoth I, "I know not thee, by Thor, I swear it and Og the Terrible, King of Bashan!"

"'Ogs is it?" said he indignantly, "don't get trying to come over me with yer 'ogs; no nor yet yer fellers! The question is, w'ot are you 'anging round 'ere for?" Now, possibly deceived by my pacific attitude, or inspired by the bright eyes of the trim maid-servant, he seized me, none too gently, by the collar, to the horrified dismay of the Imp.

"Nay, but I will give thee moneys——"

"You are a-going to come up to the 'ouse with me, and no blooming nonsense, either; d'ye 'ear?"

"Then must I needs smite thee for a barbarous dog—hence—base slave—begone!" Wherewith I delivered what is technically known in "sporting" circles as a "right hook to the ear," followed by a "left swing to the chin," and my assailant immediately disappeared behind a bush, with a flash of pink silk calves and buckled shoes. Then, while the trim maid-servant filled the air with her lamentations, the Imp and I ran hot-foot for the wall, over which I bundled him neck and crop, and we set off pell-mell along the river-path.

"Oh, Uncle Dick," he panted, "how—how fine you are! you knocked yon footman—I mean varlet—from his saddle like—like anything. Oh, I do wish you would play like this every night!"

"Heaven forbid!" I exclaimed fervently.

Coming at last to the shrubbery gate, we paused awhile to regain our breath.

"Uncle Dick," said the Imp, regarding me with a thoughtful eye, "did you see his arm—I mean before you smote him 'hip and thigh'?"

"I did."

"It was round her waist."

"Imp, it was."

"Just like Peter's?"

"Yes."

"An' the man with the funny name?"

"Archibald's, yes."

"An'—an'——"

"And mine," I put in, seeing he paused.

"Uncle Dick—why?"

"Ah! who knows, Imp—perhaps it was the Moon-magic. And now by my troth! 'tis full time all good knights were snoring, so hey for bed and the Slumber-world!"

The ladder was dragged from its hiding place, and the Imp, having mounted, watched me from his window as I returned it to the laurels for very obvious reasons.

"We didn't see any fairies, did we, Uncle Dick?"

"Well, I think I did, Imp, just for a moment; I may have been mistaken, of course, but anyhow, it has been a very wonderful night all the same. And so—God rest you, fair Knight!"

(To be continued.)

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HERE AND THERE

I.

The President's Artless Humour.

President Roosevelt's shotgun message of thirty thousand words which was given to the press on December 5th, is unintentionally enlivened by a sentence or two of such extreme naïveté as to make us wonder whether his sense of humour has altogether left him. In speaking of the decision of the Supreme Court, rendered in 1894, to the effect that an income tax is unconstitutional, his Excellency observes with much gravity and with a sapient air that would do credit to Dogberry himself:

> "The decision of the Court was only reached by one majority. It is the law of the land, and of course is accepted as such and obeyed by all good citizens."

Here, as Mr. Squeers remarked, is richness. The President is obviously surprised that wealthy citizens are not growling ominously because the Court exempted them from paying any income tax. Doubtless he would think it natural that the anxiety of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Harriman to force their money upon an unwilling Treasury might lead them to rebel. It is strange, indeed, that thousands of millionaires are not clamouring for the privilege of paying an income tax which the Supreme Court has decided that they need not pay. But it only goes to show that they are "good citizens." However trying it is to their susceptibilities to keep their money in their own pockets, they are willing to do so since such is the law of the land. No doubt if a mob of millionaires should descend upon Washington, laden with huge wads of money, and demanding with all the earnestness of Coxey that the Government accept their contributions, the President would be as firm as ever. To use the phrase of which he is so fond, he would employ "the naval and military forces of the United States" to prevent them from carrying out their lawless purpose. It is reassuring to learn that our wealthy citizens are so law-abiding, and that we have a President who cannot be coerced into accepting the proceeds of an income tax until the Court reverses its decision of 1894.

II.

The Sensitive Japanese.

The President is also willing to employ "all of the forces, military and civil, of the United States" to compel the Californians to allow Japanese scholars to sit side by side with white children in the public schools maintained at the expense of California, and not at all intended for aliens. Here the President has obviously rushed into a situation from which, sooner or later, he will have to withdraw. By the Constitution of the United States, Japanese cannot be naturalised as citizens, for they are neither white nor are they of "African descent." Furthermore, the United States courts in their interpretation of the Civil Rights Act have always held that even the children of citizens, if they be black, may be segregated from the whites, provided only that the treatment which they receive be equal. Thus, negro children are entitled to the same public school education as is given to the whites, but any State may give them that education in different buildings or in different rooms of the same building. Negroes are entitled also to ride upon trolley-cars and other vehicles for transportation; but they may be segregated. Hence, the so-called "Jim Crow cars" in certain Southern States are entirely legal, and do not involve a discrimination against the blacks; for if negroes cannot ride in cars intended for white people, neither can white people ride in those intended for the negroes. It was not long ago that Miss Mildred Lee, the daughter of the great Confederate general, was ejected from a "Jim Crow car" in Richmond, and was actually arrested because she tried to find a seat there, the other cars being overcrowded.

Hence the Japanese, and Mr. Roosevelt also, are getting just a trifle too ex-

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cited. We cannot suppress a certain feeling of astonishment at the arrogance of the Japanese in their loud complaints over the fact that in the West their presence is unwelcome. They have themselves been systematically "freezing out" Americans from all positions of influence and emoluments both in Japan and in its dependencies, such as Formosa and Corea. They were willing to employ white engineers, mechanics, professors, and drill-masters, so long as it suited their own purpose; but now that they have learned the game, as it were, they are barring every door of opportunity to foreigners. It is a wholesome thing that the American people have begun to recover from their ridiculous adulation of the Japanese which was, a year ago, so rampant. The Japanese are very clever; but their cleverness, naturally enough, is devoted to their own peculiar interests. They are not altruistic in the slightest degree. They will use foreigners and pay foreigners and welcome foreigners for precisely such a length of time as suits their own interest. After that, they will cast foreigners aside like squeezed oranges; and under their superficial politeness will be as hard and as selfish as any race that the world has ever seen. They are, in fact, an intensely egotistic people, vain to the last degree; and, since their victory over Russia, they are entirely convinced that they can bully and, if necessary, conquer, any other people upon earth. Some day they will run up against a white nation that is not honeycombed with discontent, whose fleets and armies are in superb condition, and whose finances are not, like those of Japan, crippled and hampered by thirty years of extravagance and burdensome taxation. Then the Japanese bubble will be pricked; and the subjects of the Mikado will not be so excessively belligerent because a few full-grown house servants and porters of their race receive a free education in schoolrooms apart from those in which white children are taught by the State of which their parents are native citizens.

III.

The other day Mr. George Bernard Shaw, in one of his whimsical moods, which so many people take with perfect seriousness, declared that his conception of the Deity was better satisfied by regarding it in the light of motherhood rather than of fatherhood. Of course, this made fine copy for the newspapers, whose editors seemed to think that the idea was entirely original with Mr. Shaw. As a matter of fact, it was put forth some fifty years ago in a sermon by Theodore Parker, and at the time was discussed in various fashion by press and pulpit. Yet in all that has been said regarding Shaw, no one seems to have remembered Dr. Parker's pronouncement. This affords one more proof of the short memory which human beings, and especially Americans, possess. Another contemporaneous instance may be found in the hue and cry that has been raised over the book lately published by Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons, in which, according to the newspapers, a system of "trial marriages" was advocated. No one seems to have read the book itself; but without reading it, preachers thundered at the trial marriage theory as "beastly" and "subversive of society"; while the newspapers, naturally enough, set up a loud antiphonal yell.

New Things That Are Old.

Now, in the first place, Mrs. Parsons did not advocate anything of the kind; and in the second place, what she did say on the subject was limited to about a dozen lines in a large treatise of a purely economic and sociological character. Whoever buys her book in a spirit of prurient expectancy is going to be ridiculously disappointed. All that Mrs. Parsons said was that divorces should be made easier in proportion to the brevity of the time during which a given marriage is continued. Thus, if two persons, at the very outset of their marital experience, find that they have made a grievous error; if they recognise the fact that they are thoroughly incompatible; and if as yet they have had no children, Mrs. Parsons would make it easy for them to rectify the error by a dissolution of the compact. One may agree or may not agree with this particular view, but surely it is a scientific theory about which there is nothing "beastly." Even, how-

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ever, had she advocated a trial marriage, the proposition would have been nothing novel. In the remoter parts of Norway the trial marriage has existed as an institution for many centuries; and in colonial days it was not unknown in portions of New England under the name of "bundling," with regard to which the reader may consult an interesting passage by Washington Irving in his Knickerbocker History. Only three years ago Mr. George Meredith was commending the same thing.

Thus, again, President Roosevelt's crusade against race suicide is merely an echo of what has been going on in France ever since the war of 1870, when the population began steadily to diminish. It is as old, in fact, as the early Roman Empire and the Julian laws passed by Augustus Cæsar. And so it is with Simplified Spelling, in which Mr. Roosevelt, with less scholarship, is following the lead of the Emperor Claudius, who tried to simplify the Latin alphabet; and so, too, it is with the general problem of monopolies and trusts, which was a burning question in American politics so far back as 1661, when English captains of industry exploited the Virginians, and later, in 1803, when President Dwight of Yale came out of his study to ask: "Can the imagination paint anything more dreadful on this side of hell?" The student of comparative history and of the things which interest his fellow-beings, falls not unnaturally into a rather cynical state of mind. Everything seems to be of the moment only. The lessons of the past appear to be ignored. The newspapers, in their frantic hunt for exciting copy, feed out sensations which in reality are so far from justifying even the most minute sensation as to be in truth the most ancient and hoary-headed of all commonplace events and incidents.

H. T. P.

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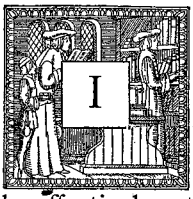
AMONG THE SEASON'S JUVENILE BOOKS



IF there were any doubt as to the truth of the claim, often made, that children nowadays are receiving a degree of attention unheard of in any preceding time, it would be effectively set at rest by a perusal of a single season's "crop" of books written especially for the young folks. And not alone would the numerical showing of individual titles be impressive, but the character of the books themselves—the physical form, as well as the text, would emphasise the fact that children are having their day after a long—perhaps not "night," but a twilight illumined by irregular and infrequent flashes of inspired fire.

The expressions, "juvenile literature," "children's books," and so forth, are a bit misleading for the reason that the words "juvenile" and "children" are themselves without definiteness. In a general way we understand by these terms that books other than those for adults are meant. From the publishers' standpoint and its corollary the standpoint of the purchaser, a differentiation of these general expressions is necessary, having reference to the degree of "juvenileness" of the books and to the age of the readers to whom they aim to appeal. In general this rough approximation is recognised. First, those for Very Little Folks; that is, children of the ages, say, from three to seven years; second, Just Children, from seven to thirteen; and, lastly, the Older Lads and Misses of from thirteen to seventeen. In each of these classes there will be individuals who are equal to books in the next higher class, and in many cases the divisions will overlap—when books are applicable to a wide range of youthfulness—but in the main the rule will hold.

The present season's books show that the little ones have been less recognised than have their older companions, and perhaps this is not to be wondered at; indeed, it is quite as it should be, though doubtless commercial considerations have largely controlled.

Teachers seldom have trouble in interesting their pupils in biography, for, like many of their elders, the children enjoy reading about *persons* when, alas! they are not interested in *things*. This seems to be reflected in the books for the older girls, as many of these titles are the names of the heroines of the stories; indeed, this is the rule, as will be seen below. It is the desire to know just what "Susie" did, or what "Judith's" scrape was, that makes this form of title alluring. It is no reflection on the books, for many such are good reading.

Brenda's Ward, by Helen Leah Reed, a new volume of the "Brenda" books, is something more than a good story book; it contains not a little healthy knowledge of the world, without being priggish. It is well illustrated by Frank E. Merrill. *Helen Grant at College,* by Amanda M. Douglas, perpetuates the "Helen Grant" series. It is fresh and full of the enthusiasm of college life. It is also a bit unusual for a girl's book, in its opening with an offer of marriage, and ending with another virtually accepted. It is a pity that the pictures are not better! By a fortunate coincidence two new books have Quebec as their "locus," for the scene is of infinite possibilities and well worth the familiarity of American girls. One of these books is *Janet; Her Winter in Quebec,* by Anna Chapin Ray, who wrote the "Teddy" books. It is an excellent story and is beautifully illustrated by Alice Barber Stevens. The other book is *A Little Girl in Quebec,* by Amanda M. Douglas. The title is somewhat of a misnomer, for it will interest older girls, not alone for the story, but as well because of the quaint Canadian-French setting, which gives a clear picture of the times.

Polly of the Pines is a thrilling story of Revolutionary days in the South, in which the family side of the great struggle is made vivid and dramatic. *Patty's Summer Days* is by Carolyn Wells. More

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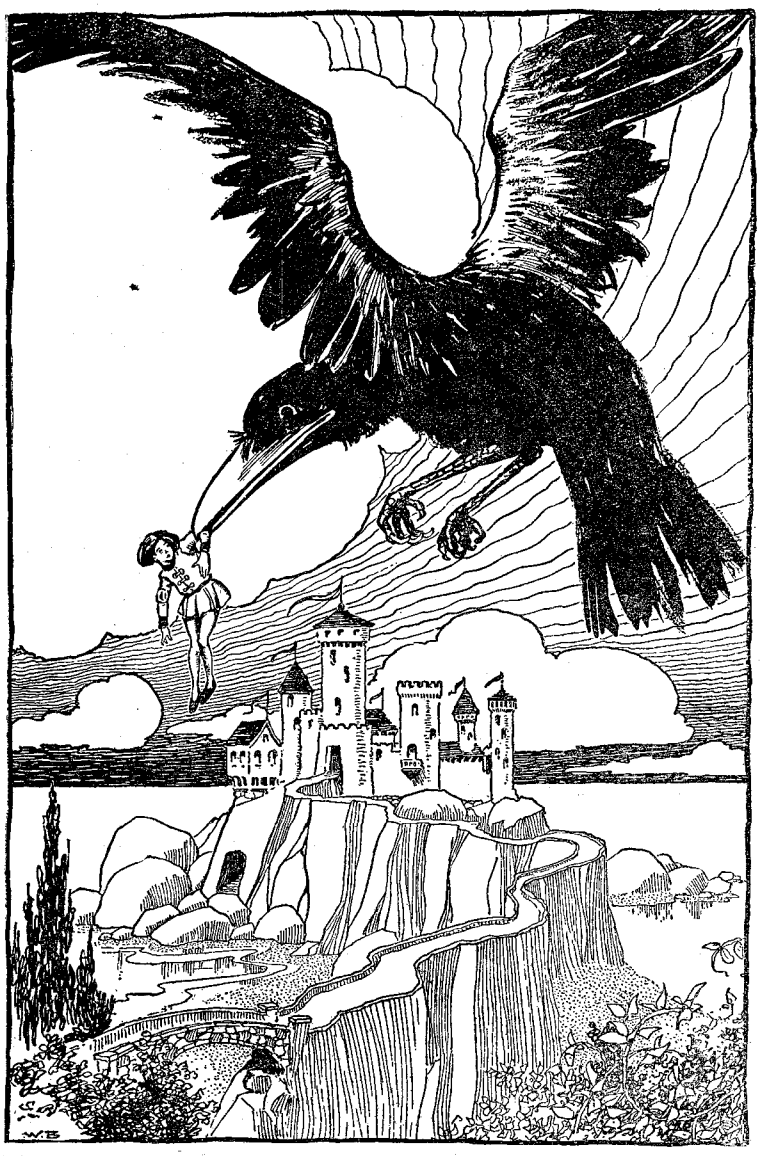

From *The Birch Tree Fairy Book.* Edited by Clifton Johnson. Little, Brown and Company

"Patty!" for there are other "Patty" books, and the girls will be prepared to find this as delightful as its predecessors. But what else could be expected from this author's keen pen? A new "Pansy" book is *Esther Ried's Namesake,* which rather "falls down" and is rather goody-goody. The value of a *nom de guerre* of long standing is curiously illustrated by the notice in this book that "Pansy" is a trade mark registered in the U. S. Patent Office. *Merle and May,* by Grace Squires, is a refined story, full of incident, with (again) a wedding looming up as the story ends. It would interest boys, too, and it is better than the title would suggest. Annie Fellows Johnston has written a bright book full of young people's trivialities, though none the less real to themselves, called *The*

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Little Colonel. The book deserves better pictures than are some of the illustrations.

There is more snap to the boys' books for readers of the age corresponding to that for which the above-named books are intended. This comes from the fact that there are more things in which boys are interested, and that the things that most interest them are of the exciting sort. From among the new "crop" there is noticed some old favourite authors; George Cary Eggleston, for instance, with his *Jack Shelby,* an exciting, wholesome, adventurous tale of pioneering days. It is of a good kind and well done. James Otis, of course, and he is welcome! He contributes *The Minute Boys of the Wyoming Valley,* which purports to be the diary (edited by Mr. Otis) of the doings of some boys while their fathers were fighting in the Revolution. It is pretty safe to say that their fathers had no more thrilling experiences than their stay-at-home boys.

From Low to High Gear, by Edward S. Ellis, another of the boys' favourites, is a novelty, in a way, as the automobile is in it first, last and all the time. Edward Strathmeyer's *Trail and Trading Post* is a good, typical Western story of early Colonial life, with lots of Indians and shooting in it. A boys' story of more than average merit is Norman Duncan's *The Adventures of Billy Topsail.* Naturally it is a Labrador story, and few can write these so well as Mr. Duncan. *Pelham and his Friend Tim* is a stirring story of adventure, having much to do with a mill strike. The interest never flags and the suspense is kept up to the end. An "Oliver Optic-y" book is *The Young Express Agent,* by Frank E. Kellogg. It follows the fortunes of an ambitious, poor boy who makes his way by attention to his duties, among which is the foiling of an express robber. *The Rival Campers Afloat* is a good book of adventure, and suggests "The Sportsman's Club" of blessed memory thirty years ago, but it is up to date. Another sea story that the boys will like is *Afloat on the Dogger Bank.* Mrs. Florence Kimbal Russell, an army woman herself, has woven into *Born to the Blue* many of her own and her brother's experiences. It is a good, first-hand story by one who knows.

In the realm of travel and instruction the offerings are not so large, naturally, but there are a number of good ones. Among these are *Long Ago in Greece,* by Edmund J. Carpenter, Litt.D., a capital re-telling of the most popular mythological tales. *In Eastern Wonderlands* is a running account of an Oriental trip taken by three children and their father. It loses nothing by being a hurried account of a hurried trip; indeed, the swift-moving scenes make the book attractive to readers who do not care, for the time, to study. An exceedingly valuable book is *Young People's Story of Art,* by Ida Prentice Whitcomb, containing a concise sketch of the Grecian, Roman, Early Christian, Italian, Spanish, etc., periods of art, and it has many pictures to illustrate the text. It is interesting and instructive and will be read quite as eagerly and with as much profit by the older folks. An unfortunate error, however, has crept in; the illustrations of the Venus de Medici and the Venus di Milo are over each other's legends.

A new book by the Beards is an event. Two events can, therefore, be chronicled. The Misses Beard have brought out *Things Worth Doing, and How to Do Them,* which will keep the girls—for it is written for them—busy all through the year. One part is devoted to Things for Parties, Shows and Entertainments, and the other to Things for Home, Gift Days and Fairs. It is bountifully illustrated, and the ideas are novel and easy to make, for the authors are thoroughly practical and actually make the things they describe. Good as this book is, the authors' brother, Dan Beard, has a new book that is even better. It is called *The Field and Forest Handy Book.* It is simply indispensable to any wide-awake, *real* boy. The author is the genial editor of *Recreation,* and, by common consent, the dean of instructors in woodcraft and sports for boys. The book is not a "rehash" of old "stunts," but is full of brand-new things, cleverly arranged according to the seasons to which they are appropriate.

These may be taken as fairly typical of the best of the season's older children's books, and are, in no sense, even an ap-

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From *The Court Jester*. By Cornelia Baker. The Bobbs-Merrill Company

proximately full list; and this is true of the books mentioned below in the other classes.

The next category of books in the above rough division is that for children of from seven to thirteen years of age. It is a larger class and the supply is bountiful to bewilderment. First and foremost is a book that so far excels any other that has come to our notice this year that it is almost in a class by itself. It is *The Queen's Museum and Other Fanciful Tales,* by Frank R. Stockton. There are ten of Mr. Stockton's best tales of this kind—and that is alluring enough—and the illustrations in colour and gold, by Frederick Richardson, are simply exquisite and show that accomplished illustrator at his best. The publishers are to be congratulated (and thanked) that they showed the enterprise and sympathy to do this for the children.

Comparisons are odious, and it is not pleasant to give a second place to so beautiful a book as *The Enchanted Land—Tales Told Again,* by Louey Chisholm. The many full-page pictures in colour, by Katharine Cameron, are beautiful, and of

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From *Racketty-Packetty House.* The Century Company

a character not usual here—for the book is imported and is issued by the Putnams. Many of the stories will not be familiar, so that the "retelling" is welcomed. Another British importation (by Dutton) is *Fairy Gold, a Book of English Fairy Tales,* profusely illustrated in colour and black and white. Less of a *de luxe* edition than the two just mentioned, but beautiful enough for a present and not too delicate to keep on the children's shelf for their every-day fairy book! While speaking of fairy books, one may not neglect Maud Ballington Booth's *Twilight Fairy Tales.* A strange book, one might say, for so strenuous and effective a worker in other more active lines, but not strange to those who know and love the noble woman who wrote it. Mrs. Booth believes in fairies, as you may see from reading the book. The stories are new and "different."

Young folks, a few years ago, had become accustomed to the annual appearance of a "blue," or "red," or "green" fairy book, until it seemed as if the spectrum would be exhausted in providing names for the "series." We are now threatened with—or should one say we view with pleasure—the forming of an arboreal series to rival the familiar polychrome delights of the past. *The Oak Tree Fairy Book* is followed this year by *The Birch Tree Fairy Book,* and the announcement is made of an *Elm Tree* book to come next year. But let it come! If it is as good as the *Birch Tree* it is welcome. These stories, familiar all, or nearly all, have been edited, but wisely so, and the "savagery, distressing details and excessive pathos" have been dropped, without weakening the stories' absurdities and power to thrill. In *The Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales* the editor has cleverly given a large number of Slavonic folk-lore tales an effective Russian setting, as did Joel Chandler Harris his setting for the B'rer Rabbit and Uncle Remus legends. In fact, he acknowledges his inspiration from reading "Uncle Remus."

Not for a long time has Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett written anything for children. This season she has a surprise for them in two little volumes, entitled *Queen Silver-Bell* and *Racketty-Packetty House.* Each book is illustrated with many coloured drawings. They are for the youngest readers, but they are so clever that even the older ones will enjoy them.

It is pretty safe to say that no writer for young folks can write of boarding-school life so interestingly as Ralph Henry Barbour. His latest book for boys is *The Crimson Sweater,* and is the best he has done. The girls will like it, too, for the heroine of the story is the daughter of the headmaster of the school.

From *Queen Silver-Bell.* The Century Company

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From *Fairy Gold*, a book of old English fairy tales. Chosen by Ernest Rhys. Dutton and Company

Nancy Rutledge is written and illustrated by Katharine Pyle, an artist in both accomplishments, so one is not surprised to find it good. Miss Grace Squires has written a pleasant little book with the fetching name of *Peaseblossom and Mustardseed*, but the full force of the names and situations is likely to be lost on one who is not familiar with *Midsummer Night's Dream*. A mildly thrilling story of an abduction is *Dorothy Dainty in the City* (another "Dorothy" book!) written and illustrated by Amy Brooks. The text is much better than the pictures. Anything by the author of *The Five Little Peppers*, etc. (Margaret Sidney) will be eagerly read by the children. This is a good little story with an unusual setting—in Norway. *Ready, the Reliable*, is a story by Lily F. Wesselhoeft—a dog story which will be liked by girls who themselves have pets—and what girl hasn't one? Cornelia Baker's *The Court Jester* is a book well worth while. The Middle Age flavour of the interesting story is admirably carried out by the two artists who illustrated it, Margaret Ely Webb and Miss Margaret Deveneau. The similarity of the work of these two "Margarets" is remarkable, and unless one were very familiar it would be impossible to tell one's pictures from the other's. The publishers are to be congratulated on this successful collaboration.

The *Further Fortunes of Pinkey Perkins* is cumulative evidence arraigning Pinkey as one of the most mischievous, good-natured and healthy boys since the happy days of that other bad boy—Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Pinkey is always square and generous and honest, but he keeps the other boys guessing. Boy readers can scarcely help being absorbed in his doings.

A pleasant book is *Marigold*, by Edith Frances Foster, illustrated by the author. Quite as much for adults as for the older Very Little Folk is *Santa Claus's Sweetheart*. A tender little tale of Christmas time, with big type for encouragement, *The Millers at Pencroft* will appeal to the children who can read for themselves, although from a bookmaker's standpoint a better appearing page would have been made from smaller type. However, it is a good little story and nicely illustrated.

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Of didactic reading for children of this age there is an excellent choice. Perhaps the most notable being "The Children's Heroes" series and "Told to the Children" series, which are highly to be commended. They are of small size (about 5 by 6 inches) and are illustrated in colour, with a colour picture also on the cover. The "Heroes" series includes The Story of Abraham Lincoln; of Sir Francis Drake; of Lord Clive; of Lord Roberts; of Bishop Patterson, and of Chalmers, of New Guinea. They are only of about 120 pages, and are edited by John Lang. Uniform with these is "Told to the Children" series, comprising *Æsop's Fables; Tanglewood Tales; Arabian Nights; William Tell; Don Quixote,* and *Gulliver's Travels*—all mightily abridged, of course. *When I was a Girl in Italy* describes the every-day doings of an American-Italian girl in Italy before first coming to America. Of a similar character is *Our Little Dutch Cousin,* written and illustrated by Blanch McManus. The visit of a little New York boy to his cousin in Holland is the pretext for much interesting information that an American child would most enjoy.

Young Children in Old Places records a trip to Europe taken by two children with their active and wide-awake grandmother. It is lively and full of interest. A good story is Gabrielle E. Jackson's *Wee Winkles and Snowball,* and is dedicated to Richard Mansfield's little son, Gibbs. Snowball is a white pony, and what Mrs. Jackson can do with a pony all young folks who have read *Ned Toodles* can answer. A novelty is an illustrated chapter on harnessing.

The Very Little Folk have an abundance of the old stand-bys served up to them in new and attractive forms, but there are comparatively few new books for them. There are, however, some good ones, such as *Pussy Cat Town,* by Marion Ames Taggart; *Playtime,* which is practically a primer, but on a new plan. Charming pictures in colour are made the subject of the text, which is livelier and more natural than one often sees in this kind of a book. *The Wise Book,* with engrossed text and colour pictures, and *Baby's Finger Plays,* are attractive little books. In the latter, the five fingers of the hand are made to represent animals which, with the progress of the verse, are turned down, one by one, as the animals in the "story" disappear.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin, oblong in shape, contains many pictures in colour that effectively illustrate this famous poem of Browning.

For nonsense verse and funny pictures the children could not have anything better than *The Toy Village,* while Will Bradley's *Peter Poodle* is a large book, beautifully gotten up, with a picture in colour on nearly every one of its 166 pages. It is whimsical in the extreme, both in text and in illustrations, and it will greatly amuse the little tots. The pictures are caricatures in bold line and colour, and the type page is worthy of an *édition de luxe.*

The season's books unmistakably point to a growing appreciation of the importance of children's reading matter, and to the fact that publishers no longer think that mediocre productions will satisfy their youthful clientele. Kipling once said to Mary Mapes Dodge, who had declined one or two of his stories intended for *St. Nicholas.* "It's no use, Mrs. Dodge, you can't fool the children; they know what they want, and they will be satisfied with nothing else!"

Parmalee McFadden.

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THE BOOK IN THE MAKING—III

The bi-centennial of Benjamin Franklin has been fittingly celebrated by Houghton, Mifflin and Company in a handsome edition of *The Autobiography,** which has very sensibly been printed from the authentic text of Franklin's autograph manuscript which was discovered by the Hon. John Bigelow in 1867. Save for a brief biographical introduction, the book contains nothing but the story of his life as it was written by Franklin himself—an unvarnished life story which must ever be interesting to the admirer of the self-made man. Of the numerous editions of this classic which have been published the present one will probably stand alone as particularly appropriate and worthy of the man. The format of the book is simple, and follows a Colonial style that is always consistent and in keeping with the subject. There are numerous portraits beautifully reproduced in photogravure, among the most interesting mentioned being that by Duplessis, which was taken from the original at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts: "Franklin as a Young Man." Also the portrait by Mason Chamberlain, and the Earl Gray portrait, which now hangs in the White House at Washington, a gift from the Governor-General of Canada to the United States in commemoration of the bi-centennial celebration. Besides these there are numerous reproductions and facsimiles of title-pages, which add much to the attractiveness of the volume.

The volume is a quarto, printed on feather-weight paper. The binding is especially well conceived. On the front and back covers are stamped in relief the obverse and reverse, respectively, of the artistic medal designed by St. Gaudens and recently presented to France by the United States to commemorate Franklin's bi-centennial. The original medal was of gold, but one hundred and fifty bronze medals were struck from the same dies by Tiffany and Company, and it is from one of these that the dies used on the cover were made by permission of the United States Government.

The edition is limited to one thousand copies. Altogether it is a volume to commend, without reserve, to those who have not yet possessed themselves of this unusual autobiography of a great American.

*The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1906.

This same house has just issued the second volume in the Series of Biographies of American Writers—that of James Russell Lowell,* compiled by George Willis Cooke, the first volume being *The Biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne.* Mr. Cooke's unrivalled knowledge of the American writers of this period should be sufficient guarantee of the thoroughness of the compilation of the present volume. The book is uniform in every particular with the first book of the series, and as a contribution to bibliography its value is assured. Too much commendation cannot be extended to the publishers of this valuable series for the compilers they have selected to cover the various writers; nor can a more satisfactory format be desired than that which they have adopted for the books.

It is safe to assume that *The Diverting History of John Gilpin*† will always interest and entertain as a juvenile classic of its particular kind, and it is not surprising to learn that a new edition of the book which has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company has had unusual success. Aside from the popularity of the thrilling story, this is probably due, in a great measure, to the quaint and attractive style in which the book has now been brought out. It is interesting to know that the present edition was intended to be privately published, and to that end was begun by Mr. Seaver, who is associated with Houghton Mifflin and Company in their manufacturing department. After a portion of the book was set up it was brought to the attention of the publishers, and they were so confident of its success that they arranged with Mr. Seaver to publish it themselves. The make-up of the book is quaint; a woodcut appears at the head of each page, these being executed by Mr. Seaver himself. The binding is in old-blue paper boards, with a leather back and paper label. The wrapper is of butcher's paper; and the entire effect is thoroughly primitive and in keeping.

*A Bibliography of James Russell Lowell. Compiled by George Willis Cooke. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1906.

†The Diverting History of John Gilpin. Boston and New York: The Riverside Press; Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1906.

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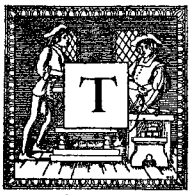
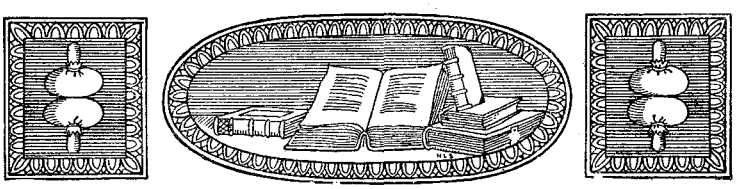
BINDINGS BY CHARLES MEUNIER



HAT the decorative arts are becoming more individual and expressive is admirably proved by the work of Monsieur Charles Meunier, the Parisian bookbinder, now on view at Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It is obvious at a glance that M. Meunier has gone far toward modernising his craft, that he has done much in the way of placing the art so consummately practised by Grolier and Maioli in closer accord with latter-day æsthetic developments. Effective and daring to a degree, the bindings of M. Meunier are not, however, a radical departure from, but rather a legitimate enrichment of, tradition. That which he particularly aims to achieve is an artistic and psychological interpretation of the contents of each book bound. A student and thinker, as well as a craftsman, he holds that the chaste and formal bindings to which we have so long been accustomed are unnecessarily impersonal and inexpressive—that they seldom or never bear the slightest relation to the text matter. Proceeding on these lines, M. Meunier combines the restrained purity of the early masters with the bolder invention of the apostles of the *nouveau style.* Any one who accepts his point of view, and it is difficult to avoid doing so, will derive uncommon pleasure from a study of the effects thus obtained. It would be no easy task to conceive of anything more appropriate than the bindings designed for Mistral's *Mireille,* for the famous French version of *Faust* with illustrations by Delacroix, for various editions of Rabelais and Villon, or for certain of the more delicate masterpieces of modern verse and prose. In each instance the spirit of the work is symbolised in floral or pictorial motives, which are not only beautiful in themselves, but are always consistent and significant. Every detail possesses a distinct meaning; there is absolutely no aimless embellishment, and it is safe to say that the innovations M. Meunier introduces with such fearless ingenuity will leave their mark upon an art which was rapidly approaching the hieroglyphic stage. It is a pleasure to welcome to America the enthusiastic proprietor of the *Maison du Livre* and founder and editor of *L'Œuvre et L'Image,* who has already enlisted the interest of a group of Parisian artists and men of letters, which includes such names as José-Maria de Heredia, Gustave Kahn, Camille Mauclair, Louis Morin and also the sprightly and sympathetic Séverine.



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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of November and the 1st of December.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. Puck of Pook's Hill. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Thalassa. Baillie-Reynolds. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Sophy of Kravonia. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Prisoners. Cholmondeley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Dragon Painter. Fenellosa. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Dragon Painter. Fenellosa. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Jewel Weed. Winter. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Prisoners. Cholmondeley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Dragon Painter. Fenellosa. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Reminiscences of Henry Irving. Stoker. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Chippinge Borough. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sophy of Kravonia. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. A Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.00.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Puck of Pook's Hill. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. A Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Rosemary. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The One Way Out. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Seeing France with Uncle John. Warner. (Century.) $1.50.
5. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Page.) $1.50.
5. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
6. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Saul of Tarsus. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Jewel Weed. Winter. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Rich Men's Children. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Educative Process. Bagley. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
5. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Rosemary. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Jewel Weed. Winter. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Saul of Tarsus. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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3. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Upton Letters. Sinclair. (Putnam.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Dragon Painter. Fenollosa. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Beyond the Rocks. Glynn. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Ridolfo. Williams. (McClurg.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Pass. White (Outing.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Rich Men's Children. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Puck of Pook's Hill. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50 cents.
6. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Sophy of Kravonia. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Power Lot. Greene. (Baker.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Rich Men's Children. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Casa Grande. Stuart. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. San Francisco. Keeler. (Robertson.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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2. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Seeing France with Uncle John. Warner. (Century.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. McDonald of Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Glimpses of Italian Court Life. Bates-Batcheller. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $4.80; $10 de Luxe.
2. Puck of Pook's Hill. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50..... 152
2. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50..... 132
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50..... 118
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50..... 111
5. The White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50..... 84
6. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50..... 71

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